

The Round Table.

A Saturday Review of Politics, Literature, Society, and Art.

No. 151.—VOL. VI.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1867.

CONGRESS AND THE FUTURE.

THE conservative temper of the people has been promptly reflected by Congress. The signal defeat of the resolution for the impeachment of the President, immediately followed, as it was, by the suspension of the bill for the reduction of the currency, must be accepted as indicating the acquiescence of Congress in the wishes of the people as expressed in recent elections. Violent measures of any sort are no longer in fashion, and the consequences of playing with edge-tools have lately been too sharply felt to make dangerous experiments at all popular in the immediate future. The President's Message has been generally praised for its ability, and, although no principle is abandoned in it heretofore advocated by Mr. Johnson, his temperateness of tone has had the effect to increase the vote which defeated his impeachment. The message has been so generally discussed, and contains so little that is new, that an examination in detail may wisely be dispensed with. More important than any particulars is the striking general fact that the great bulk of the intelligent public supports Mr. Johnson at this moment in positions to which a year ago it was as unanimously opposed. To account for this by saying that the people are inconsistent or fickle is unjust. There is such a thing as learning by experience; the fires of passion go out as the strife that kindled them recedes in the distance, and the practical evils of a broken and unreplaced political system teach more than whole libraries of theories about social science and the rights of man. What the people wish, and all the time have wished since the surrender of Lee, has been as speedy a return to the old order of things, minus slavery, as rapid a resumption of cordial relations upon an equitable basis, as could possibly be attained. To prevent this the bitter order of Republicans who loved party better than country brought forward their premature and half-crazy scheme of Universal Negro Suffrage. This delectable panacea was to cure the national sickness in an incredibly short space and all was to be well. The half-educated enthusiasts, of whom the community has quite a sufficiency; the zealots who are always charmed with anything that affords the opportunity to rush into extremes were, of course, enchanted, and would have been still more so had the proposition been to give each black man two votes instead of one. But the intelligent masses, while willing to experiment for a season, withheld their judgement, content neither to sanction nor condemn until supplied with data on which to found convictions. The data supplied, universal negro suffrage has been condemned by as sweeping and unequivocal a series of popular demonstrations as perhaps have ever been exhibited in a free country.

We are by no means disposed to assume the character of political prophets, knowing tolerably well the dangers and follies that commonly pertain to such assumptions. We are, however, justified in referring to the fact that, long before the elections which have carried such a weight of significance, the reaction was predicted as inevitable, in these columns, and the grounds were distinctly set forth upon which our convictions were predicted. Our reiterated warning that negro suffrage would break the power of, if it did not absolutely destroy, the Republican party, has been justified by the event. At least, if the consummation has not been reached, things have gone a long way toward it, and if the end is not yet, it is near enough to be sufficiently discernible. It is plain that the people, whatever they may do in the future, will not tolerate Universal Negro Suffrage at the present time. By what processes that which has already been done in this direction is to be modified or set aside, we need not now pause to enquire; but that such negatory action will be imperatively demanded by the people and that, therefore, it will

have to be taken, seems now a certainty. Retrogression of this nature will be painful to many who are not radical partisans. It will be painful to many philanthropic and high-minded individuals who have seen in the moral aspect of the case a justification of their advocacy. Herein we touch the error which, from the outset, has infected the whole radical side of the discussion and stimulated those attempts at the impracticable which have led to the current political revulsion. The real gist of the subject does not lie in what is theoretically right, but in what can practically be effected. Statesmanship is not morality, nor morality statesmanship. We must be much nearer to the millennium than we now are before they can be convertible terms. There is a vast deal to be said in favor of universal equality and universal suffrage; but nothing that can be so said will, after all, invalidate the proposition that good and intelligent government cannot be furthered by increasing the number of ignorant and depraved individuals who are to help to make it. The philanthropy which is united with a lack of many-sided wisdom, and which, aiming to serve the negroes, forces them into a position of sharp antagonism to the stronger and more intelligent race with which they are to live, becomes in its results the equivalent of vindictive cruelty. Could the radical leaders have their own way in every particular in the South—their views remaining unmodified by the intervening expression of public sentiment—we should regard a war of races, ending in the extermination of the weaker, as a positive certainty. Is the philanthropy which threatens such results of a proper kind to encourage, and is it cynical or "unprogressive" to oppose it?

The willingness of many Republicans to take up General Grant as a presidential candidate in the absence of any definite knowledge whatever as to his political views, is a corroboration of what so often has been alleged of the technically dominant party, that it prefers party success to party principles. If General Grant favors universal negro suffrage, we do not believe, as we have said before, that with all his popularity he can be elected President. If he does not favor such suffrage, we fail to see how he can accept the Republican nomination. The device of leaving everything in a state of indefiniteness, of going for General Grant as "a great popular candidate," as the inspirer of "a great uprising of the people," and all that *ad captandum* nonsense, will hardly suit the present situation of the country or the present temper of the people. We have been and still are in a perilous condition—a condition critically near financial disaster, threatening anarchy in the South, the prostration of industry in the North, universal distrust and commercial paralysis. Beating drums and sending up rockets will not relieve the country from these dangers. What it needs is, first and foremost, hard common sense. Theorists have brought us into our strait; practical men must get us out of it. We need deliberate discussion, frank and explicit statements of opinion, and political leaders who are capable of looking at all sides of a question and not at one or two sides only. Military glory is a very fine thing, but there are some objections, under a republican system, to electing a soldier to govern as President the section he has conquered by the sword. There may be counterbalancing advantages, to be sure, but of these we can only judge when we know what they are. It is easy to get crowds together to halloo and cheer, and gape at fireworks—Fernando Wood did that in his late canvass for the mayoralty—but the subsequent action of intelligent voters is not to be augured from such demonstrations as in this very case we have seen. We have no wish to deprecate national gratitude toward General Grant. Undoubtedly he is a great and deserving, although, through time and circumstances, perhaps an overrated, soldier. But we do most heartily deprecate and despise the sycophantic adulation, the affected enthusiasm, which bursts forth in certain quarters over his name, and which is so palpably dictated not by attachment to principle or person, but by a confidence that General Grant, if nominated, is certain of election, and that it is expedient to hail the rising sun.

Judging from the debates and resolutions so far, the majority in Congress is likely to construe late

political events more wisely than from its past history seemed probable. The extremists have been taught a bitter lesson and it may have more than temporary effect. Pending the formation of new alliances and the arrangement of fresh combinations, a spirit of moderation and tolerance has been manifested at Washington not unlike that which has been conspicuous of late in leading party journals. This is a matter for universal congratulation, since it is only in such a spirit that the national difficulties can be met or, when met, settled. The important questions to be settled, even more than an important presidential election, promise to make the year 1868 a memorable one in American history. Of these questions Negro Suffrage and Finance are paramount. Their equitable and peaceful solution is of more consequence to the future of the country than can possibly be the rise or fall of political parties; of incalculably greater moment than the political fortunes of individuals, even if the claims of the latter are gilded by military desert and renown.

THE NEW JERSEY EMBARGO.

THE highest court of judicature in New Jersey has recently made a decision which so affects the whole commercial community that we shall greatly wonder if, when the case comes to be fairly understood, means are not found to apply a remedy. The story is in part generally known, but, for intelligibility, we shall rehearse it at length.

As every one is aware, some thirty-five years ago the legislature of New Jersey granted to a "ring" of crafty men the exclusive right to make a railroad between Philadelphia and New York. In very terms the grant was declared to be exclusive—a monopoly; no other parties were to be allowed to build a road to compete with them until the first of January, 1869. In consideration of this grant the Camden and Amboy Company agreed to collect from all passengers and merchandise passing over their road certain taxes, which were to be paid into the state treasury. By this bargain the citizens of other states, obliged to travel or send goods over the New Jersey road, were compelled to pay to that state a revenue for many years equal to her annual expenses—so that no state tax was levied on her own citizens. To most people this looks, to say the least of it, like pretty sharp practice; and if every state in the Union should in like manner find a pretext to make the citizens of her neighboring states pay what properly should be borne by her own people, it is not difficult to foresee that trouble would speedily grow out of it.

Some years after the creation of this monopoly, another New Jersey company was chartered to build a railroad from Camden to Atlantic City, with authority to make a spur or branch to Batsto, a place of some manufacturing interest in Burlington county; and another company was also chartered, with authority to build a road from Port Monmouth, on Raritan Bay, to Cape May. Now, the lines of these two roads must intersect at some point east of Camden, and of course would make, in connection with ferries on New York Bay and the Delaware River, a continuous although somewhat circuitous road from New York to Philadelphia. These companies, thus authorized set about building their respective roads. The Camden and Atlantic main line was first finished, and as the building of the Raritan and Delaware Bay road approached the main line of the other road, the Camden and Atlantic Company built their authorized spur or branch from their main line at Jackson toward Batsto, intersecting the Raritan and Delaware Bay road at Atsion. This made a continuous road, with the ferries, from city to city.

The monopoly sought to crush out this arrangement in its infancy. Although it opened immense tracts of land heretofore of little value for want of outlets, and really gave more additional and solid wealth to New Jersey than all the accumulated revenue she had ever received from Camden and Amboy as her share of the common plunder taken from the strangers compelled to pass over her soil,—although it was an enterprise carried forward by her own citizens, under the authority of her own legislature,—the monopoly, becoming jealous of the "elbow road," proceeded to destroy it. To this end the Camden and Amboy Company, some four years ago, filed a bill in

the Court of Chancery praying that the other two companies might be perpetually enjoined from allowing their two roads to intersect at Atsion, upon the ground that, if permitted to do so, they would form a continuous and, as against the complainant, a competing road between New York and Philadelphia; and, further, upon the ground that, in approaching each other, they had departed from the intention of their respective charters and were not lawful roads. The defendants responded—1st, That the monopoly grant to Camden and Amboy, being a restriction upon inter-state commerce imposed by a state, was unconstitutional and void, the exclusive right to regulate such commerce having been ceded to the federal government; 2d, That they were not making these roads for the purpose of doing "a through business," and thus competing with the monopoly; 3d, That these roads were built in pursuance of their charters and were lawful; 4th, That if the roads were not built in accordance with their charters, it was not for the Camden and Amboy Company to call them to account or to rectify their proceedings.

Although in the argument the defendants made the unconstitutionality of the monopoly grant a leading point in the defence, yet the chancellor, in his decision, took no notice of that point. He passed it over precisely as if it had not been raised, creating a great deal of speculation and conjecture as to his reasons for so doing,—not unaccompanied by intimations that he did so because, as a sound lawyer, he could not write an opinion satisfactory to himself affirming the constitutionality of the grant, while he was conscious of the political power of the monopoly, like the sword of Damocles, hanging over him, and dared not resist it. He agreed with the defendants that whether their roads were lawful or not, was no business of Camden and Amboy; but he held that the monopoly had a right to be protected in their exclusive privilege to carry all passengers and merchandise passing between New York and Philadelphia, and that should the defendants attempt to do that business they must be enjoined. Subsequently, upon the complaint of the monopoly that the defendants had actually carried some eight or ten thousand troops from New York to Philadelphia on their way to the defence of Washington, he decreed an injunction against the two companies. From this decision the defendants appealed to the state Court of Errors.

Some two years before the hearing of this appeal came on, another case arose involving to some extent the principles embraced in this case. The Legislature of New Jersey, having realized from the experience of more than a quarter of a century how good a thing it was to make other people pay all the state taxes, looked about to see if they could not enlarge the application of the benevolent plan. The Erie road, it was perceived, on its way westward out from New York, passed its immense traffic over a small corner of the state upon a local road leased for the purpose. Copying the section from the monopoly charter by which the citizens and business of other states were taxed for the benefit of the New Jersey treasury, they made it, in general terms, apply to all foreign corporations passing passengers or merchandise across the state, and engrafted it on the general tax law. It was well known to apply to the Erie road and to no other. At once that company was notified to make a sworn return of the amount of business done, and pay into the state treasury the tax imposed. The Erie Company refusing to be thus despoiled, or to be made the instrument of plundering those whose carrying it undertook, was, brought by the attorney-general before the Supreme Court to answer. It set up for defence that the law was unconstitutional; that it was an attempt to regulate or interfere with inter-state commerce, and that the power to do this had, by the federal Constitution, been taken from the states and conferred exclusively upon Congress. The case was ably and elaborately argued. The court clearly understood that the constitutional question was identical with that which the monopoly had to meet in the other case. The chancellor, by his adroit silence, had given them no light as to how to proceed. In the Erie case it was the sole

point, and therefore *must* be decided. They met it as mediocre men are apt to meet great questions when they come environed with great peril. Camden and Amboy had never yet allowed to be reappointed a New Jersey judge who decided against it upon any question esteemed vital. Two of the three judges gave labored opinions of bad law upholding the tax, while the third, Judge Van Dyke, delivered a very able opinion of excellent law, deciding that the state had no power to levy such a tax; but expressly stating, at the close of his opinion, that this course of reasoning would not apply to Camden and Amboy!

The Erie Company appealed from this decision to the Court of Errors. Now, it so happened that about this time a new chief-justice had been appointed. The monopoly, having the control of the executive, caused him to nominate, and the senate to confirm, one of their counsel to that high office—a man of learning, laborious in his profession, and of pure character. Among the first important cases that he was called upon to hear was this of the Erie road. It is well to understand that the New Jersey Court of Errors is composed of the chancellor, the five judges of the Supreme Court, and six laymen, or citizens, not educated to the law. Before this tribunal the appeal of the Erie case came on to be heard.

It was argued on both sides with great zeal and ability, and the court took until the next term to consider it. When they reassembled, but for the new chief-justice the decision would have been unanimous for affirming the decision of the court below, and against the Erie Company. But the new judge was too fresh upon the bench, too vigorous, pure, and solicitous for his legal reputation to heed the danger of a collision with the monopoly. He prepared a very able opinion, deciding that the state had no power to pass a law interfering with, taxing, or in any way burdening inter-state commerce. An experienced pro-monopoly judge had prepared a labored defence of the law, and of the right of the state to pass it. Both opinions were laid before the judges. It was unanimously ordered that the clear and unanswerable opinion of the chief-justice should stand as the decision of the court, and the Erie Company triumphed.

It was supposed by most intelligent people that this decision virtually settled both cases; that under it the legislature could not lay as a burden the weight of an ounce upon the inter-state traffic passing over the Erie road, much less could it lay the weight of a pound upon the same traffic passing over Camden and Amboy; and that if mere taxes were unconstitutional burdens, much more were those arising out of an extortionate monopoly. The case seemed clear; and in this light we now come to rehearse the recent decision of this same chief-justice and Court of Errors, in the appeal brought by the Camden and Atlantic and the Raritan and Delaware Bay roads.

We learn from the newspapers that this recent judgement of the court decides nothing as to the constitutionality of the monopoly grant, the learned judges taking their cue from the example of the chancellor in his extremity, and maintaining strict silence upon that point. But they decide with a great volume of reasoning that the two defendant roads, for the space of six miles each way from their point of intersection at Atsion, are unlawful structures, and that Camden and Amboy is eminently the party whose duty it is to arraign the defendants for such unlawful acts. They therefore order, in the interest of the monopoly, a perpetual injunction against the defendants, restraining them from carrying either passengers or merchandise between the two cities *for ever!* And the amiable court, in the fulness of their liberality, add that, as a matter of grace, they will not direct the rails to be taken up so long as the injunction is respected. It is right to say that four of the judges voted against this decision, and that the present chancellor and one of the law judges absented themselves; and it is further right to say that this monstrous decision was made upon the elaborate opinion of the present chief-justice, whom Camden and Amboy have thus brought to eat humble-pie as a suitable atonement for the audacity manifested by his opinion in the Erie case.

Thus the monopoly of New Jersey, the most intolerant, avaricious, and iniquitous corporation that ever

existed on this continent, is declared to have perpetual existence. By bribery and corruption it controls the legislature, the press, and the grand juries of that state. The courts, from the highest to the lowest, are completely in its power, and there is no remedy for the evil outside of Congress. The business men of New York, New England, the South and West should immediately appeal to that body for aid. The best thing to be done would be the immediate passage of General Garfield's general railroad bill; the next best thing, the authorization of an air-line road between New York and Washington with double tracks, a speed of fifty miles an hour, and a rate of fare not exceeding two cents a mile; or, lastly, an act to legalize the structure of the two defendant roads, as was done by Congress in the not dissimilar case of the Wheeling bridge.

NEWSPAPERS AND PUBLIC OPINION.

It is a circumstance worthy of the serious consideration of those who are in the habit of estimating the influence of the daily press upon the public mind, that Mr. Hoffman has just been elected mayor of New York by a prodigious majority, in despite of the strenuous opposition of the two journals whose aggregate circulation is, to say the least, double that of any other two dailies published in the city. For weeks before had *The Herald* and *Tribune* kept up a steady and adroit system of attack, which, considering the intelligence and the prejudices of the various classes thus appealed to, might certainly have been expected to exert a great if not a decisive influence. That such has by no means been the case is a very curious circumstance. It would really seem as if what we so often hear said in jest, that the opposition of *The Herald* is a candidate's surest augury of success, had received in this example conclusive verification. Yet no such thing is said of *The Tribune*—a journal which, whatever its other merits or demerits, has a general character for earnestness which precludes the application to itself of the tacit theory on which *The Herald's* peculiar repute may be supposed to rest. What, then, is to explain the mystery? It is idle to say that people do not read these papers, for that they read them by tens of thousands is incontestable. That Mr. Hoffman's high character as a magistrate and a gentleman has had great effect in winning him support, there is no doubt. This kind of support, however, must inevitably have come from certain definite classes; the bulk of voters in the metropolis would be little affected by it. To say that the election was gained by fraudulent means, or that any considerable proportion of the vote was so gained, is mere nonsense. The election was as fair an exposition of the wishes of the mass of the citizens of New York as was ever afforded. But how is it that the people failed so completely to respond to the teachings of the great dailies?

We confess that, taking into consideration all the modifying features of the case, we are unable to give this question a satisfactory answer. It would be easy to find theories in the way of explanation that would be very disrespectful to *The Herald* and *Tribune*, but we do not believe such theories, plausible as they might be, and currently passing as some of them are from mouth to mouth, are strictly accurate ones. Even grant that *The Herald* was actuated by unworthy motives in connection with the Ann Street matter, or that *The Tribune* would much rather have defeated Mr. Hoffman than have elected Mr. Darling, it is contrary to all reason and experience to suppose that the thousands of general readers who peruse those journals would be so much more affected by a suspicion of duplicity than by the *prima facie* arguments so persistently offered in their columns as to determine their conduct in voting. The only conclusion which seems open, and which, at the same time, is not needlessly discourteous or equivocally censorious, is that the influence of the opinions of the daily press upon those of the public is less than most of us have been in the habit of believing. In other words, the people seem to take the liberty of judging for themselves. They read the newspapers as newspapers—with great interest and profit—for surely our daily journals, in respect of the enterprise which gets the freshest intelligence from everywhere as quickly as human skill can obtain and print it, are

before all others in the world; but editorial comments, while eagerly read perhaps, do not shape and control public judgements. The people, we repeat, seem to think for themselves, and not as the journals of largest circulations would have them. Whether this is one of the direct consequences of large circulations, is a very nice and delicate subject of enquiry. The need, in order to sell many copies, of adaptation to the average taste and culture of many people, is palpable enough; but do the people learn to despise what is familiar, to regard the *ad captandum* style of the "popular" newspaper as proof in itself that its opinions are so contemptible as to deserve no consideration? We do not see how, otherwise, to account for the phenomenon of our charter election. Judging from that, the inference appears irresistible that, whatever the public may think of our daily journals as newspapers, they are getting in the way of declining to accept them as moulders of thought or arbiters of opinion.

MR. WALKER ON FINANCE.

MR. ROBERT J. WALKER earned a high reputation when Secretary of the Treasury. This reputation he gained by his firm adherence to two doctrines: a revenue tariff and hard-money. The revenue tariff which he framed and brought into practice was very successful. Upon the hard-money question he has proved himself to be a fair-weather soldier. The unnecessary resort to legal-tender paper had his full sanction and his active advocacy. A principle which is good only when it is convenient to adhere to it, is a kind of principle suited to what is known as easy virtue. If Mr. Walker had really had the faith he professed in hard money he would have been sure that, even during the difficult times of the war, specie payments could be maintained, and would have exerted his faculties in finding out how to maintain them. Instead of that, legal-tenders had no sooner been proposed than Robert J. Walker, half of whose reputation was due to his hard-money doctrines, was quoted in their favor. Mr. Walker is uneasy now at the prospect of this false system ending, as all such systems have ended, in wide-spread ruin among the people, and disgrace to those who brought it into operation.

He seeks a means of getting us out of our present difficulties without ruin. He seeks to avert the consequences of the sin he sanctioned. Whether Providence intends we shall escape these consequences, or whether, for our future good, it means we shall endure all the proper punishment for the greenback falsehoods which we have uttered by hundreds and millions, we cannot foresee. We give due credit to all who would shield us from the consequences, but more honor to those who protested against the sin.

The views of Walker as to the nature of the remedy required for our present ailments are, in some respects, sound and wise. As we have diluted the life-blood which runs into the most minute channels of trade, we must fortify it by a new infusion of the healthy element which we have taken out. So long as the history of the world is known, trade has pronounced a universal opinion in favor of gold and silver as the only healthful money. In spite of all this experience, we have been trying, as many nations have tried before, to do without these elements and yet to keep trade in a vigorous condition. Signs of weakness and disease begin to appear, as they have always appeared in similar cases heretofore. Mr. Walker sees that what we need is gold; more gold infused into our circulation. He also sees that the mode proposed by the Secretary of the Treasury for forcing an influx of gold into the circulation is worthy only of that heroic school of medicine which, when it finds a patient ill, seeks to cure him by taking all the strength out of his body. He foresees the ruinous consequences of contraction, and so far we agree with him. He proposes to put an abundance of gold into the Treasury as soon as possible, so as to impart credit to the treasury notes, and so far he is right as to the remedy. But when he comes to apply the remedy he suggests what seems to us an utterly impracticable method. He offers to borrow two hundred and fifty millions of dollars in Europe, to transfer the proceeds of the loan in gold to our treasury, and by means of it to resume specie payments forthwith. This two hun-

dred and fifty millions he says can be borrowed in Germany at par for six per cent. bonds of the United States.

Mr. Walker knows something of the German people, having been sent among them during the war as a special agent for our Treasury Department. It is common to us all when foreigners speak to us in their own tongue of what we do not happen to understand a word, to think the foreigner a very stupid man. We venture to say Mr. Walker does not understand a word of German, and has therefore come away from Germany with a very low opinion of German intellect. He feels very sure his six per cent. bonds will be eagerly taken by Count Bismark's subjects at par, although by going to any banker at Frankfurt they can buy other United States six per cent. bonds at less than eighty cents on the dollar. So far as we can judge of the German people by those who come among us, they are a people by no means so careless of their dollars and cents as to throw away twenty per cent. in a bargain. Perhaps he sees a remedy for this defect of his plan in his proposition to print the bonds in German, knowing that the Germans, like all other people, are fond of their own tongue, and supposing they may naturally value the bonds twenty per cent. higher for being put in German text.

Again, Mr. Walker speaks of transferring two hundred and fifty millions of gold to this country from Europe in one lump, as if it would create no disturbance. Is he not afraid that, under the natural laws of action and reaction, the gold would run back again almost as fast as it came? We are, under our present false system, large exporters of gold to Europe every year. Would it not be better to devise, in the first place, some plan for keeping our own product of gold at home? We should be very glad to see the two hundred and fifty millions in our Treasury; for we agree with Mr. Walker that if it were there our troubles would be over. But we doubt whether by his method he could get it there, even if he printed the bonds in Hebrew, the native language of the Rothschilds themselves.

OUR CIVIL SERVICE.

VI.

WE understand there were about fifty applicants for the commissionership of the Agricultural Department. Some of them were urged for the office because they had been efficient soldiers, as if there were anything in the service of Mars to fit men especially for that of Ceres. A gallant soldier may destroy whole crops of cereals to cut off the provisions of the enemy, and his relation to agriculture is thus rather of a destructive than a creative character. Others were recommended because they secured the votes in agricultural communities, upon the presumption, we suppose, that those who lead voters to the polls as if they were herds of sheep must be competent authorities on the agricultural subject of cattle. Now, we do not mean to assert that a demagogue may not harbor in his mind hidden treasures of agricultural science, nor is it at all unlikely that many citizens who distinguished themselves on the battle-field were previous to the war devoted to the study and practice of agriculture. Indeed, we are glad to hear that a gentleman of the latter category, whose excellent qualifications are generally conceded, has been confirmed by the Senate as Commissioner of Agriculture.

This department was created in 1862, but has heretofore failed to meet the expectations of the advocates for its establishment. Nominally, it is an appendage to the Interior Department, which also controls the Census Bureau, the Land Office, the Patent Office, the Indian Bureau, the Pension Office, and a great number of other branches of the government. The Patent and the Land Offices are administered with remarkable ability. The Patent Office library is a host in itself, the librarian being a gentleman of enthusiastic devotion to his duties, and the records of this office present characteristic evidences of the inventive faculties of the people, the applications for new patents having scarcely fallen off to any extent during the most stirring periods of the war. The examiners being selected from persons of scientific and technological attainments, they constitute a body of imposing talent, though no doubt its organization

would be vastly improved by introducing Mr. Jenckes's system of competitive examination in this, and with still more cogent reasons in the other branches of the service. The fact of this immense laboratory of inventive skill being a mere appendage of Mr. Browning's secretaryship is to some extent cramping its development. This is manifest in the overcrowded condition of the library and in the want of accommodation for the proper discharge of the other duties of this department.

The Land Office is presided over by a functionary of great comprehensiveness of mind and indefatigable industry and energy, but as far as the subordinate officers are concerned, greater talent would certainly be infused in the service by the adoption of the competitive principle. This department is also under the official control of Mr. Browning, who is thus the lord of all the lands which he surveys. Low down in the building, in the subterranean halls where, as upon the altars of the ancient Greeks, light is always burning, is concealed the Census Bureau. Having been without a head for many years past, it is to be supposed that Mr. Browning himself counts the population, male and female, their goods and chattels, their churches and schools, their penitentiaries and their asylums. Mr. Browning has altogether too many bureaus under his control, and good cannot be expected to come out of this comet with many tails.

The Agricultural, Land, and Census Departments hold, in some respects, cognate relations as far as many agricultural facts are concerned. Then there is the State Department, which receives agricultural reports from ministers and consuls. Again, there is perched at the top of Mr. McCulloch's caravansary a strange hybrid concern called the Statistical Bureau of the Treasury Department, which prints the commercial statistics received at the State Department and at the custom-houses, and which dabbles in what may be called "statistics at large" with an eye to the revenue. All these departments meddle more or less in agriculture, and some nibbling is done here and some there. Finally, there is the new Agricultural Department proper, which is supposed to be the great pastoral ocean which absorbs all the minor affluents of agricultural incidents and statistics and from whence they irrigate the whole country in seeds, samples, cuttings, pamphlets, reports, model farms, experimental farms, and agricultural periodicals and publications. Many millions of dollars are annually paid for the support of these multitudinous organizations. Apart from the fact that the appointments made in them are irresponsible and unsatisfactory as long as they are not based upon stringent tests of qualification and integrity, we do not find any preconcerted device presiding over these establishments, so as to combine and simplify their labors and make them all concur in a well-defined aim of really national utility and progress.

Leaving out of question the Statistical Department of the Treasury, as a thing to be altogether done away with, and considering the importance of the Land, Census, and Agricultural Departments, we believe the time has fully come for separating them from Mr. Browning's *olla podrida* and uniting them in one and the same, but independent, department. It will not be enough in future to present ponderous reports to Congress and make a meretricious display of activity. The essential thing is that certain central facts of vital importance should be thoroughly ascertained, and then presented to Congress in as simple and lucid a manner as possible. The distribution of property in lands as well as in real estate and railways should be ascertained in the most careful manner, it being of primary importance to know whether this tends toward monopolies in the hands of a few, as under feudal and semi-feudal institutions, or whether the effect of democracy actually is, as it is generally assumed to be, to diffuse the good things of this world in a more equal manner among the masses of the people.

Beside the Agricultural Department, there are other vacancies at present which require the most anxious deliberation. The missions to Ecuador and Mexico are to be filled. The first is of comparatively little importance, yet it is required with an annual salary of \$7,500 in gold. Nicaragua, Costa Rica

Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, the United States of Colombia, Venezuela, the Argentine Republic, Paraguay, Bolivia, cost each the same amount annually for a special diplomatic agent to each of them, so that these Lilliputian South American States involve an aggregate annual expenditure of \$82,500 in gold, irrespective of consular appropriations, and, of course, without including the great Southern American states, as Mexico, Brazil, Chili, and Peru—the former two commanding a \$12,000, and the latter two a \$10,000 salary. It may be questioned whether it is worth while to pay such large amounts for the small South American states; but as long as this system continues in operation, the candidate for the Ecuador mission should at least be able to speak and write the Spanish language, and be fully conversant with the history, geography, and local institutions and customs of South America. The Mexican mission, however, is of far greater importance, and this should be entrusted only to a citizen of great national prestige and the most statesmanlike qualities, so as to enable him to command the respect of the Mexicans, and to exert an influence that shall redound to the honor of this country and to the good of Mexico.

Many of the facts presented in the reports of these offices do not seem to grapple with these and other central points, and are rather encumbered with a formidable array of dates and figures; which should be only dealt with as aims to the end of deducing facts and principles concerning the present status and future prospects of all the various classes of the population. But they are too much considered without regard to any ultimate result or principle, and the consequence is that, though we have so many gigantic bureaus and departments, we have very little positive information about matters in regard to which it is most needed. Another consequence is, that though we have so many departments, there is a constant call for the establishment of new ones, simply because with the present lack of intellectual power in official life there is hard-working industry without comprehensiveness of mind, and overflowing prolixity without unity of thought or aim. Mr. Orestes Browning does not pretend to possess either the organizing genius of Carnot or the creative power of Bonaparte. Yet he is the Tycoon of fifty different bureaus, under the responsibility of which even those two master-minds would have fairly staggered. Mr. Browning has also official charge of the Mining Department; but Mr. McCulloch, too, coquets with mineralogy, and deposes a gentleman noted as an author of several funny books of travel to explore the mining resources of our new Eldorados! This and other reports will be no doubt drawn up to the best of the ability of those who write them. But who tested this ability? Where are the official vouchers to satisfy the country that they can depend upon the information contained in these reports? They are indeed even less trustworthy than newspaper disquisitions, because journalists select their writers according to their fitness, while in official life the framers of reports and employees are taken at random, with little or no regard to such qualification.

In advocating thus strenuously the infusion of more brains, the adoption of competition, examination, and the promotion of culture and merit, combined with integrity, to the highest places, we are satisfied that we are rendering the best service that can be rendered to the country. Without greater unity of aim and comprehensiveness of ideas and culture in the prominent offices, and without the adoption of the competitive principle in the various branches of the service, the present intolerable confusion will become so much worse confounded that, in the end, the Republic may come to grief for want of brains and want of conscience; it is certainly becoming daily more seriously embarrassed for want of system and unity of thought and purpose in the various spheres of the government.

THE EXPERIMENT OF FREE LIBRARIES.

THE Annual Report of the Trustees of the Boston Public Library, with its accompanying documents, is a paper likely to be of service. We gather from it more particulars concerning the management and the working of such institutions than we have in a pretty thorough search been able to find elsewhere. This

library, from small beginnings, has grown in fifteen years to be the second in point of size in the country, and certainly inferior to none in usefulness or in the suitable selection of its books. The library of Congress, with its recent accessions, is alone larger. The Public Library of Boston has become, then, a monster experiment to test the propriety of giving the masses unconstrained access—so far as a reasonable regard for the security of the property will permit—to one of the largest, and perhaps the most valuable, collection of books that the country possesses. The matter was felt to be an experiment by those most engaged in its origination, and it was fortunate in securing the active labors at the start of men like Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Everett. Both these gentlemen had long thought of the matter independently; and later by an interchange of sentiments when they were made of the committee that drew up the preliminary report of 1852, which first brought the matter to the notice of Mr. Joshua Bates, of London, and opened the way to its sure foundation in a pecuniary sense, by instigating that gentleman to make his generous gifts, of money in the first place and of books subsequently.

That report of 1852, we believe, was drawn by Mr. Ticknor, embodying his own views, and they were such as substantially prevail to-day in the management of the institution. Those views were novel and generous. There was not a library in existence of the character it contemplated. It was to be free, and to supply without stint popular reading for the masses, always avoiding the sentiment of unwholesome literature, as far as possible. It was Mr. Ticknor's determination and good management, we believe, that made this the policy of the library. He could never bring all of his associates to a full confidence in the practicability of his plans; but they were well content that his design should have a fair trial, and gave it all the support that untiring friendliness could suggest. Such as believed that a pure reference library, with the books restricted to consultation in the building, was in the nature of things most expedient, were not averse to seeking their associate's confidence in the fitness of the people for the privilege of using them at home put to the test. Almost coincident with the beginning in Boston, free libraries, as they were called, were started in Manchester and Liverpool, under authority of recent Parliamentary acts of Great Britain; but their regulations required all applicants for the privileges to be pecuniarily vouched for by two of the rate-payers of the city. The report of 1853 would go further than this. Certain classes, like teachers and clergymen, when the class carried a degree of responsibility, he could admit without any guaranty; nor, when the library was opened, was any restriction put upon citizens of whatever standing. We do not know that it is a just reflection upon our own city, but Dr. Cogswell was somewhat borne out by the heterogeneous character of our population, when he said of this plan, during his connection with the Astor Library, that it would ensure the scattering of such a collection to the winds in five years. We have heard it intimated that the Boston success has given occasion to hopes that the collection in Astor Place may yet be supplemented by a circulating department.

The abuse of the privilege which has been so fearlessly extended to all classes of people in Boston for fifteen years has been comparatively slight. For the nine years that the popular department of the collection (which now numbers some 25,000 volumes of its total 126,000) has been in the present building, the aggregate circulation has been about 2,000,000 volumes, and of this number something over a quarter of one per cent. is set down as covering the worn-out and missing volumes. This proportion, when we consider the wear and tear that popular books in such a library must get, leaves no very considerable number to be reckoned as among the books carelessly lost or criminally retained by the borrowers. We learn that for a few years wanton injury to the library was unknown; and that of late years it has been increasing is due to the temptation that the impunity with which it could be done opened to a few so disposed; for it seems to be the opinion of its managers that could a few heedless and vicious persons be prohibited from using the library these discreditable practices could be checked. The trustees looked at the records of the Manchester library, and contemplated its almost entire immunity from loss through its enforcement of claims upon guarantors, and saw, too, that such restrictions did not prevent a very large circulation; but they felt convinced that their losses of between two and three hundred volumes yearly, which they had been lately experiencing, arose from the mischievous intents of so few individuals that it was much better to discover and exclude them, if possible, than subject the great body of its frequenters to the onerousness of securing pecuniary

vouchers. It might be that with the growth of the city—and that growth, as is perhaps unavoidable in large cities, disproportionate among the doubtful classes—conditions that suited Boston fifteen years ago were becoming less suited year by year, and that the Manchester system in a city as large as Manchester might be imperatively required. Boston, at all events, was considerably short at present of the size of Manchester; and one expedient could be tried before following their example. This was to require the applicant to give the names of two respectable persons who could testify to his fitness to enjoy the privileges and verify his statements about age, residence, etc., but to be in no further degree responsible. It is quite evident that this precaution can exclude no one if his character is at all such as would entitle him to the privileges; and the library remains free to the respectable poor and humble, as it was originally intended it should be. The practical working of this new requirement is that applicants are registering their names more rapidly, and that the circulation on a given number of cards is larger than before; showing that in establishing a degree of responsibility for the frequenter, it has been made with him an instigation to come oftener and to make a beginning, when the absence of that responsibility had seemed to cast a doubt if a beginning were worth while at all. It is a principle at the library to cover their books (in the popular departments) often enough to keep them presentable to the eye, and to preserve about all the appointments, no matter how much exposed to detriment, an air of nicety and precision, on the theory—and a correct one we think it is—that there is no so good way to make other people respect anything as to show undeviating care for it yourself. It seems to have been much the same with these restrictions on the applicants. People that never thought of availing themselves of its privileges as long as there was no special merit to recommend themselves, now come forward when they find there is. We would not argue that the additional interposition of a pecuniary requirement would strengthen this feeling of meritoriousness—as it might, possibly, in some cases—since that might debar a far larger class than it would gain. The recommendations at present required foster a self-respect, and that is precisely the point aimed at. Make that paramount, and abuses will be few. The new scheme has certainly been instrumental in getting the library rid of some of its dishonest frequenters, and discovering their tricks of *aliases*, by which they carried on extensive depredations. We shall look to subsequent reports of the trustees with interest, as giving us the record of this generous confidence for the future in the masses, on no further guaranty than their alleged respectability.

There was one other point in which it was felt to be an experiment. The report of 1852 as strenuously insisted upon a reasonable compliance with the popular taste for literature as a necessary correlative of free access. Its theory was that a book is never so much in the way of its duty as when it is read; and that a book is most read when it is new. Therefore it was fresh publications, and a sufficient number of copies to answer a steady demand, that it contended for, as the best means to beget and sustain a habit of reading in the masses and in the young, that might lead eventually to more discrimination in the matter sought for. Mr. Everett, we believe, doubted the expediency of catering to the desire for fiction; and beyond Scott and Miss Edgeworth there was little or nothing he would allow. He gave in, however, without cavil to the experiment of the broader views. Novels were bought freely, but not profusely, though efforts were made to exclude what were known to be positively immoral or frivolous. So, with the purpose to buy of any book in active demand, whenever such could be ascertained, as many copies as would maintain a lively circulation, the popular department of the library, with its 25,000 volumes, now shows that one-third of this number are of the department of English prose fiction, reckoning, however, all juveniles, whatever their character, in the same category.

The fear was naturally felt that the way was thus opened to spend the city money for the very doubtful satisfaction of having furnished all that it desired to a morbid sense of relish for the ephemeral fiction of the hour. The munificence of benefactors had established funds for supplying the upper collection with books of permanent and solid value, and any apprehension for the future of that department was thus luckily forestalled. Still, the larger portion of the outlay for the administration of the institution, and the better part of the city appropriation for the purchase of books, was charged to this popular department. Accordingly, with a collection of which two-thirds consisted of books more distinctively classed instructive, as apart from fiction, it was watched

patiently to see if the impulses of the people would lead them to a disproportionate choice of the class of fiction. Every observer of the last twenty years who has watched the public passions has not failed to note the rapid increase of the demand for novelistic literature—a demand so engrossing at the private circulating libraries as almost to preclude all else. Of course no reasonable person could expect results much otherwise in a library that in some measure was intended to supply the place of private circulating libraries. It was simply a question of a very limited circulation with novels excluded, or a very large one with them admitted. It was this: whether it were not better to recognize the passion and strive to regulate it somewhat, or to ignore it and force it to seek its nutriment elsewhere beyond the pale of restraint. It was pretty much the question of a regulated license on the one hand, or absolute prohibition on the other, which in another matter has recently been settled in Massachusetts by the gravitation of public opinion to the plane of wisdom. It seems to us the bull was fairly taken by the horns, as that animal always should be. Much "homidical" fiction has doubtless been read which it were just as well, or better, not to have read; but it is, perhaps, reasonable to suppose that the habit of reading, even thus engendered, may end in a more fastidious choice of what is read. "It needs must be," says one of the documents before us, "that to most minds of low intellectual culture books must be of a character attractive in subject to that grade, or they will not be regarded at all. Once regarded, there is a fair chance for substituting for books attractive in subject those attractive in manner, and so lead the way to a higher range of subjects."

When we learn, then, that close upon three-quarters of the circulation of this popular department is of the class of fiction and juveniles, we do not see that the result is other than was to follow as a matter of course. The committee of examination, who report to the trustees, were at the pains to show that such a record is no worse, and is perhaps even better, than is made in other libraries. The exhibition at Manchester is much the same. It is well known in New York how vast a preponderance of fiction there is in the circulation of the New York Mercantile Library, and that, too, while it is a subscription library, and must necessarily exclude from its privileges the large share, which the Boston Library admits, of those socially lower than a class of "subscribers." With these points of contact with the inferior classes which our Mercantile Library does not have, and which possibly the necessity of pecuniary vouchers may preclude at Manchester, the returns of the Boston Public Library still show that the passion for fiction is quite equally, if not better, kept in subjection than the experience of other places might lead one to suppose.

The Boston Public Library, then, appears to us to have been an experiment well tried, and resulting satisfactorily. Its abuses are not great and admit of regulating. Its circulation is surely large enough, since its trustees show that, all things considered, it is more extensive than any similar institution in the world maintains; the character of that circulation is, moreover, not perhaps what we might wish, but something better than one might expect. The reports give some curious statistics as regards the circulation of certain books and certain classes of books, which may afford us the ground for another article at some not distant day.

MATCH-MAKING.

DERISION or denunciation is commonly the portion of that maternal solicitude which busies itself to secure for marriageable daughters the best possible settlement in life. Match-making mammas have been pilloried for the contempt of novel-readers ever since that pleasing form of fiction was invented. Yet it is not to match-making itself that we object; on the contrary, there is no pastime to which humanity is more prone, or into which it enters with more zest and eagerness. Next to getting married one's self there is nothing so truly delightful as marrying off one's friends; and there are few of us, we imagine, who have not at some time or other indulged in this attractive and on the whole harmless amusement. Young persons especially affect it—young married persons most of all; for if they find themselves happy, sheer good nature will inspire the wish to make everybody else master of the joyful secret; if the reverse, it is an old proverb that misery loves company. There is a certain fascination in thus pairing off the world; it gratifies one's sense of fitness and symmetry; and when we have settled in our minds that a couple were evidently born for each other, our vanity becomes interested in the fulfilment of the prophecy. But the matches we thus foster must be of the sort which are popularly supposed to be made in heaven,

over which Cupid presides and not Mammon. Love matches they must strictly be to find favor in the eyes of youth; the faintest suspicion of worldly advantage makes them little less than Lucifer matches at once. Away, we cry, with this balancing of hearts and ingots, this sale of flesh and blood into worse than African slavery! Is the holiest of human affections to be made an affair of bargain and barter? shall our sons and daughters be priced like our cows and sheep? This is what we cry when we are young, full of all generous and foolish impulses, and long before we have sons or daughters at all, or at least before they are ripe for the matrimonial market. And as novels are mostly written in the interest of young people, we have a ready explanation of the disrepute which has fallen on a most deserving, perhaps the most deserving, class of the community.

For to this as to most other questions there are two sides. It is all very fine to talk about love in a cottage, two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one, and all that sort of thing; but in any cottage that love wouldn't turn up his nose at there is very substantial rent to pay, and, even waiving the usual contingencies, at least two mouths to be filled, that the most perfect singleness of thought, the most thorough union of hearts, can never make one. The stomach is the one member of the body which love can never subdue, which scorns and laughs at love, but which unfortunately is quite as important as the other organs. These are just the things that young people in a romantic condition, with but a single thought, never find room to think of, and which they are extremely lucky in having papa and mamma to think of for them. Parents who know, perhaps from rude experience, all the weary regrets and bitter disappointments which two hearts that beat as one will often harvest in marriage, are naturally anxious to keep their children from the pit where in they have fallen. They are distrustful of inclinations and fancies which they know to be far less serious than the owner can ever be brought to believe at the time. First loves are usually what first lovers never detect them to be—only the natural yearning of hearts just beginning to be dimly conscious of the capacity for affection, blindly putting out tendrils of passion that clasp and cling to the nearest object, worthy or unworthy. What some one says of the author is true of the lover likewise: he should plough in his first crop to enrich the soil. First loves are valuable chiefly as practice, as training for the great emotional conflict through which men and women, with blood in their veins, have some day to pass. But first lovers are blind to this; those phenomenal flutterings which are so new and strange to them seem, as Dr. Holmes remarks in his *Guardian Angel*, to mark a crisis in the history of mankind. From all eternity they were singled out for one another; their devotion and constancy are without precedent and example; their separation is cruelty monstrous and unparalleled. As a rule, however, this direful atrocity has not the disastrous result that they take a gloomy pleasure in contemplating; their hearts are seldom broken half as often as their vows, and they commonly live to bless heaven and the cruel parents who saved them from themselves.

In point of fact, cruel parents, even as they figure in romance, are very seldom cruel at all. It is very natural that a father or mother should be solicitous for their daughter's welfare, and quite as intelligible that they should be loath to entrust it to every man who comes with only his love to recommend him. What proof have they that young Mr. Lovelace's professions are sincere? or, granting their sincerity, what guaranty that his affection will outlast the honeymoon? Passion is in nine cases out of ten mistaken for love, and possession is almost sure to be fatal to passion. They do well to hesitate before confiding darling Angelina's happiness to such uncertain hands as these. But of Mr. Jellyby the rich grocer's sincerity there can be no reasonable doubt—his wealth gives the most ample and satisfactory proof. The purse is after all the true touchstone of these conventional humbugs; and when Mr. Jellyby lays his money-bags at his dear Angelina's feet he testifies as much regard as Mr. Lovelace, who offers her only his possibly worthless heart. The grocer will, at least, give his adored one a home; and if she does not love him now she may learn to give him that mild esteem which answers all purposes of connubial happiness better perhaps than more ardent devotion. So papa and mamma prudently give their voices for Mr. Jellyby. To the young people this seems hard and cruel reasoning; any reasoning indeed seems hard to lovers, who live in a world of romance, a delightful, rosy-colored, fantastic world, where butchers' bills are not and responsibility is unknown. Life to them is an immense plum-cake, and love the knife that shall carve it. They are all in all to one another, they feel that they

should die if they were torn asunder, and they cannot understand how people whose duty it is to love and cherish them should stand so sternly in the way of their happiness. It does seem hard not only to them but to other young people similarly circumstanced. Papa and mamma are snarled and railed at on all sides for merely doing their duty; they are everywhere made the subject of cutting remarks, they are called hard-hearted and avaricious. Other papas and mammas even, who should know better and who in like case would act precisely like them, sometimes join the hue and cry; so natural is it to sympathize with hapless lovers, so difficult to realize the distinction between my bull and your ox. And if the lovers themselves entertained any doubt of their being the most ill-treated of mortals, the suspicion is speedily dissipated by the affectionate exertions of these compassionate friends, and they are encouraged to open rebellion against the parental mandates. Of course there is a point beyond which judicious parents will not press resistance even to what is felt to be folly, but will leave their ungrateful offspring to work out their destiny of hasty marriage and leisurely repentance. It would be an amusing and instructive addition to social statistics to know how love marriages commonly compare in average happiness with what are called *marriages de convenance*.

Reflection, we think, will show that match-making mothers are entitled to more credit than they usually get. Let us at least do them the justice of believing that they are not always wholly actuated by the sordid motives which we ascribe to them. The older people grow, the more they get to distrust fancies and cling to facts. Romance fades and reality hardens as we leave youth behind us; and if love proves less substantial than lucre, who is to blame? Surely not those who, seeing the unlovely truth, guide their actions accordingly. This is a bitter and disagreeable view to take of life, and what are rightly held its dearest incidents, but what Archimedes will turn the world?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

COTTON GROWING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: With a sincere desire to correct, so far as I can, an error held by a large number of people regarding the population of the South, and also regarding the agriculture of the South, I address you seconding the views of Alex. B. Clitheral, of Montgomery, Ala., as published in *The Round Table* of November 16.

In speaking of the population of the South you estimate that in 1860 out of twelve millions, eight white and four black, there were but five hundred thousand that were slaveholders. The inference is the same as is broadly claimed in Mr. Helper's *Impending Crisis*, that the remaining white population, over seven and a half millions, were of the class known as "poor whites." I do not suppose that it can have escaped you that this is very far from a correct estimate of the condition of the people of the South in 1860. The traveller or sojourner in any of these states must have received the statement with surprise, and possibly have assigned it to distant portions of the country with which he did not happen to be familiar. The fact was, that the actual majority of the whole population, including white and black, for numbers, was of the slaveholding class. As a general thing slaveholders were the heads of families, and as such oftener represented about fifteen than ten of the population who had an interest in their slaves, and who were to all intents and purposes slaveholders themselves. To their families must, in making a just estimate of the population, be added all the non-slaveholding professional men and their families, all the mechanics and their families, all the young men who expected to acquire possession of slaves with the first money they should save, and a great proportion of persons of foreign or northern birth. In this view it will be seen that each slaveholder must have represented at least fifteen white persons, young and old, male and female, of what may be regarded strictly as the slaveholding class—those who in one way or another are dependent on slave labor—as distinguished from the "so-called," and too often well-called, poor whites. This latter class now embraced one-sixth of the population, and in large districts of the country its representatives were, and still are, so few and far between as to be practically hardly worthy of consideration in estimating population. Like the few Indians that are still scattered among us, they are worthless, shiftless, and must ere long disappear. Subsisting by hunting, and with the least trifle of direct labor upon their miserable corn-patches, they eke out an aimless existence, without ambition and without thought above the capacity of the beast. Even the meanest of the blacks look down upon them with contempt, and it is difficult to say which are really more degraded. Very many negroes to-day have made infinite advances beyond what these poor whites may ever be expected to reach. With the lazy, good-for-nothing portion of the

negro population, their days are numbered. They must get out of the way of the advancing civilization. They must make room for that industrious, skilful population which everywhere commands the soil. The distressing part of the condition of the South now is that these poor whites and shiftless negroes, by the favor of Congress and the manipulations of the military rulers, are law-makers. But this cannot last long.

Regarding the production of cotton by white labor, suffer me to say that not only is it possible, but that in the no distant future the larger portion of the crop of the South will of necessity be so produced. White labor has always been successful in the cotton-field, and when employed in the same way as in the northern corn or hay-field it is more productive. That large plantations can be worked to advantage with white labor, whether native or foreign, I very much doubt. But that small farms of fifty to two hundred acres, embracing crops of cotton, corn, millet, oats, rye, wheat, grapes, castor-beans, potatoes, pumpkins, etc., can be cultivated as well in all these states as the same class of farms with various products in Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, and Ohio, all experience proves. In Texas quite a large amount of cotton has been produced for many years past by the German population, with no help whatever from negroes. Not only do they produce cotton in this way, but their cotton is the best that comes to market, and they are the healthiest and most thrifty people in the state. Like the farmers of New England, they are independent, intelligent, think for themselves, and are already the basis of the new civilization upon which our people are to enter. Their condition gives us the best hope and the brightest anticipation of the future of this great state. One of them, at this moment in my eye, and whose name, were it of advantage, I should not hesitate to give, began life upon the prairie land of Harris county, proverbially not to be compared with a large portion of the state in productiveness, less than twenty years ago, and by judicious investment of his gains from cotton-planting done with his own hands, is to-day worth more than a hundred thousand dollars, and still labors in his own cotton-field. In Louisiana a large portion of the white population is made up of the "Acadians," who labor in the field and live to a good old age. They first redeemed Louisiana from the wilderness and have always thriven upon its soil. North Alabama, North Georgia, East Tennessee, and Western North Carolina have always been cultivated in the main by white labor, not of the "poor white" class, but a thrifty, intelligent, well-to-do sort of population, that produces not only good crops of cotton and corn, but equally good of soldiers, statesmen, and citizens.

I take it for granted that you need not be told that cotton planters of five thousand acres, cotton factors to whom these five thousand acres now are under tribute for advances, and cotton warehouse-men, may be as little acquainted with the actual state of the case as a Wall Street banker, or a Lowell spinner, may be of the making of hasty-pudding. The facts I refer to do not necessarily fall under their observation. They are antagonistic to the theory of the large planter, and the interest of the advancing merchant. These cotton-raising white men do not require advances, and if they did would study long before they would pay 2½ per cent. for advancing and 1 per cent. a month interest, account to be made up every six months and compounded as to interest and commission for advancing. It would seem, however, that most warehouse-men in New Orleans, at least, have had enough to do with white draymen to have learned that white men can endure as much hard labor in this climate as negroes, and under the usual incentives of free labor will endure a great deal more.

My object in writing this letter to *The Round Table* is to contribute to its usefulness. The high regard I have for the paper as a candid journal of generally correct views, according to my estimation, will, I trust, ensure a pardon if I am deemed intrusive.

E. H. C.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, November 25, 1867.

THE DOCTORS THAT DISAGREE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I notice in the last number of your paper a communication from J. W. W. on the word *that*. I think Mr. Gould's use of this word in at least the first sentence there quoted from him can clearly be defended. But I do not intend to enter the list in the defence of Mr. Gould, since he is fully competent to fight his own battles; my wish is rather to present a question about this same word *that*.

Is it really the case that I must observe the rules for the use of this word laid down in the grammars? It is declared in some of them that in the following, "Adjectives which express numbers are numerals," which is wrong because it is not sufficiently specific, *that* should be used instead, as likewise it should be used for *who* in this, "I was the first *who* came to school this morning," because the sense requires it. Is all this true? And what is to become of English composition, if the rules for the construction of sentences which some people wish to establish are rigidly enforced? Your two correspondents, Mr. Moon and Mr. Gould, have amply demonstrated that

it is impossible to put together a sentence the least complex in form so carefully that a flaw cannot be detected somewhere. They are both lovers of good English; have both studied long and patiently the true sense of certain words and the proper adjustment of the parts of a sentence, so that the construction shall be right beyond a question, and yet see what blunders they detect in each other. If such masters as these of the art of composition fail to write correctly, then other people may take comfort from the thought that their own mistakes are not without examples in high places.

H. S. D.

NOVEMBER 23, 1867.

GERMAN WRITERS ON ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I am exceedingly obliged to Mr. C. A. Bristed for pointing out to me an ambiguity in my first paper on *German Writers on English*. I certainly did not mean to assert that a hundred persons could not be found in America capable of reading a page of the *Nibelungenlied*. I believe there are a hundred in this city who could do so. But while I should be glad to learn that the number of Anglo-Saxon scholars in America is much greater than I supposed, I hope Mr. Bristed will pardon me if I say I am still doubtful whether a hundred persons could be found who could read at sight a page of *Beowulf*. I may remark *Beowulf* is not an "ordinary Saxon classic," but is beset with difficulties not to be found in *Cadmon*, for example.

THE WRITER OF *German Writers on English*.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

PRAYERS OF THE AGES.*

THOREAU, in one of his fugitive papers, has this paragraph: "Pythagoras said that the time when men were honest was when they presented themselves before the gods. If we can overhear the prayer, we shall know the man. But prayers are not made to be overheard. Yet there are scattered about a few records of these devout hours which it would edify us to read could they be collected in a more catholic spirit than the wretched and repulsive volumes which usurp that name. Let us not have the prayers of one sect, nor of the Christian Church, but of all men, of all ages and religions, who have prayed well." Perhaps Miss Whitmarsh does not commune with this Concord Independent, and would not relish some of his iconoclastic notions; but she has taken his idea, or found of herself the equivalent, and given it shape in the volume whose title we put at the head of this review. Her previous compilations—in which she had a joint editor in the lady to whom she dedicates the present volume—bearing the similar designation of *Hymns of the Ages*, and developed under a similar feeling, have had success enough to make them tolerably well known. The present book is another attempt to characterize epochs by forms of communion in the spirit of worship; and to this end we have excerpts from the stores of the Sanscrit and the early treasury of the Christian Church, from its saints and martyrs, and from those of the heathen ages, like Socrates and Epictetus; from Mahomet, Saadi, and the Hebrew Vedas. Nor have the stores to be found in the works and lives of pious men of later times been neglected, as such representative names as Sir Thomas Browne, Luther, Jeremy Taylor, Wilson, Andrewes, Fénelon, Oberlin, Madame Guyon, Arnold of Rugby, Wilberforce, Channing, Theodore Parker, etc., evince.

One section of the volume, of about thirty pages, is devoted to a collocation of opinions and instructions concerning prayer, and there is some satisfaction in reading how Luther went doggedly to work to conquer the repellant spirit and establish himself in the mood; and how it was not an army of ten thousand men that Queen Mary feared most, but the prayers of John Knox. The orthodoxy of Franklin was his own rather than some men's, but he found only three or four to favor his motion when he moved in the convention that met to frame the federal Constitution that their daily proceedings should open with prayer. Somehow when men meet to give vent to sentiment and lay bare their thoughts, or to respond to some chastened feeling of the community, there is no one to object to prayer; but when there is work to do, there are either unsaid altogether or they take on that fatal sibilant which is too symbolical, and become merely prayers. "God helps them that help themselves," said Poor Richard, and there might have been a covert satire in Franklin's motion, after all, in view of the discordancy of that convocation which seemed

* I. *Prayers of the Ages*. Compiled by Caroline S. Whitmarsh. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.
II. *Prayers from Plymouth Pulpit*. By Henry Ward Beecher. New York: Scribner & Co. 1867.

as if they had not secured the help of Heaven, in their apparent self-helplessness to bring harmony and amity out of the confusion about them.

The book of Müller, the praying man of Bristol, England, may not have reached all of our readers, but the newspapers have not omitted to give the public for some years an occasional reminder of the marvellous work that his prayers have been credited with, in a material way, which shows itself in an inventory that includes about everything between a box of pins and a Bank of England note. The scoffing man will read this singular narrative and call it charlatany. Some pious men will have misgivings, and think more than they are ready to utter. The record is a phenomenon, however we view it, and it is the best example, publicly vouched for, of supreme faith in the worldly advantage of prayer, treated in almost a commercial spirit. Jonas Hanway, once hiring a coachman, explained to him that attendance upon prayers would be expected of him; when the man replied that he had never lived in a praying family, and hoped it would be considered in his wages. The difference between the two cases may not be so great as it seems. We have a desire to avoid writing a word that may be construed into any sense of disrespect for the office of prayer, and would not confound the coachman's vision of worldly gain, which was a mere concomitant wealth, with Müller's, which is, if anything, a consequent realization. But worldly gain it was in both cases—pounds and pence. The result in one instance would be more orphans taken care of at Bristol; in the other a night more a week for Jehu at the half-price hour in Covent Garden Theatre. There is all the difference, to be sure, in the world, in the results; but when material accruing, for however so holy a purpose, are believed to be brought about by the same offices that magnify the soul, it does not seem that the nobler growth can be so generous when it is not free from all terrestrial considerations.

The Pythagoreans held that there are few men who durst publish to the world the prayers they made to God in private, and so that it were best that all prayers should be public ones. There are many men who, some time in their lives, have a degree of devotedness so sensitive not only to public gaze but to their own that they do not understand prayer in its straightforward purpose, but substitute for it a feeling of communion with, and dependence on, God. Hard praying, if we may use the expression reverently, is usually inclined to believe in spiritual bone and sinew, and to hold that over refinement of the soul is poorly calculated to fit it to do good work in the vineyard. Such attenuated piety, they would have no manner of doubt in believing, must run the risk the child ascribed to the shrunk shape of its grandfather, of drying up and blowing away. It may well be questioned if in prayer, as in the other offices of religion, different natures may not require different forms. Indeed the soul that would go to Worms, even if every tile in its house were a devil, might well yearn to pray robustly and with the same directness that made it no uncertainty with him that his inkstand and the devil's skull should measure strength. Will it do to say there can be less approach to God, less of the highest end of prayer, in one who answers to Wordsworth's delineation?

"In such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed; he preferred no request;
Rapt into still communion, that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him."

We do not think it at all certain that Coleridge was more acceptably devout in his later years, when he abjured his Unitarianism and thought prayer was quite a different thing from that "self-magnetizing—a getting of body and temper into a certain status, desirable *per se*, but having no covenanted reference to the Being to whom prayer is addressed." When he had brought his religious instincts to the training that made him discard the views happily expressed in an early poem,

"My spirit I to love compose,
In humble trust my eyelids close
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought expressed,
Only a sense of supplication,"

and had grown to believe that the Christian prayer should be made for definite aid, we conceive that it was Coleridge's nature that was changed, and not the essential spirit of prayer. We are catholic enough, in a broad sense, to believe that the varied religions of this earth are not without their use and fitness for the relations of widely different communities to the same God, and it follows naturally with us that prayer to different souls manifests itself in ways not alike; and the pervading sense of dependence that does not syllable a wish, may be

found in God's ear as devout an act, as the supplication of the staunchest literalist. There seems to us no controversy in the case. The child approaches the father with the forwardness or with that sort of spiritual shyness that its nature suggests, and so if there be genuine approach at all we cannot think the way of it is of the essential part. It is pretty clear that with a certain order of spiritual life there is an instinct of repugnance against anything more definite in the nature of prayer. Joubert says: "The best prayers are those which have nothing distinct, and which thus partake of simple adoration." Hawthorne asks: "Could I bring my heart into unison with those praying in yonder church, with a fervor of supplication but no distinct request, would not that be the safest kind of prayer?" Emerson says: "As soon as man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action." Caratach, when admonished to enquire the mind of the god Andate, replies:

"His hidden meaning lies in our endeavors."

Montgomery recognized this function as correlative with the director service:

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near."

Robertson, of Brighton, says: "To connect every thought with the thought of God—that is prayer. It is truest when there is most of instinct, and least of reason. Prayer is one thing; petition is quite another."

The second title of our note is that of a book which is without parallel. A popular clergyman, who has the gift of making "a good prayer," as the phrase goes, finds some one among his people so impressed with their peculiar excellence that, without the pastor's or another's knowledge, he takes a phonographer to the place of worship and fixes indelibly the phrases of supplication. When a goodly number of these accumulate, he discloses his secret to the author of them, who does not feel at liberty to interpose his *veto* upon publication, and the prayers come before the world. If the other volume is suggestive of wide differences of the emotional faculties in approaching heaven, this is an example of petition that falls in, doubtless, with the sympathies of a majority in this community of those who, as Ruskin says, should be determined as to worshipping at all, before it is questioned how they worship.

LIFE IN THE HOLY LAND.*

THE thinking world has always adjudged to history a prominent place in literature, and assuredly none has so high a claim to distinction, whether from the vastness of the plan, the industry and fidelity of its execution, or the inestimable value of the instruction it conveys, as the true record of the lives of the great patriarchs, the heroes, sages, prophets, and warriors whose honored names are handed down to us upon the pages of that most ancient and venerated book which is the depository of all that is sacred and sublime in thought, pure in morality, hopeful and sustaining in faith.

The work before us deserves respectful mention as a learned and scholarly production; it treats of events which have influenced the destinies of man through successive generations with a due appreciation of their importance and reality, and of the spirit of the age in which they occurred; it treats of history in its old aspect, sacred, but still only history; of men who may be judged with mingled freedom and reverence; of beings with passions and affections like unto ours, only taking such forms and acting under such influences as the accidental difference of the time demanded.

Although the immense labor required for the production of this work has been mainly performed by Mr. Elliott, and we owe to his diligent researches information culled from every available source, he has further endeavored to enhance the value of the book by able articles written by learned divines, and in the first chapter the Rev. Theodore D. Woolsey gives a clear and instructive account of the faith, character, and religious life of the patriarchs, which the author follows with their history, a description of the past and present condition of the remarkable places in which they sojourned, and in the fifth chapter some curious speculations upon the causes of the great age to which they attained. *Egypt in Darkness* contains much that is deeply interesting to the student of history; it comprises a brief account of the Egyptians from the earliest time, their cities, pyramids, temples, their religion—which, as the author justly observes, "cannot fail to interest us—as well as their customs and civilization; because Moses

was learned in all their lore, was brought up among their priests, and his people lived among them and were indeed Egyptians several hundred years before the exodus." We have a short statement of their mythology, their sacrifices, their doctrine of the resurrection and of the future life, of their arts and manufactures, and, so far as can be ascertained, of their literature and philosophy, gleaned from the writings of Plato, Herodotus, Clemens of Alexandria, and, later, from the pages of the Chevalier Bunsen, from whose works the author extracts an account of the Books of Hermes.

Next in order comes Moses the Leader, he whose task it was to accomplish the great deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt; to inculcate the existence, the laws, the will, and the worship of God; to found the polity and social manners and institutions of his people; to make, as the author says,

"Of this incoherent mass of human beings a solid and compact nation. He spoke with the voice of Jehovah, not with the voice of Moses, and they listened. He seized the thunder and the lightning, the pestilence and the fire, and made them his ministers. The corner-stone of the polity of Moses was—the worship of the one God Jehovah. Him only should they serve. He declared war against all other gods, and launched destruction at their worshippers."

The Judges of Israel constitutes an important chapter, to which is appropriately appended an account of the manners and customs of the Israelites. Saul the King and Jonathan the Friend are followed by David the Beloved, the "sweet singer of Israel," whose songs have never been surpassed, in whose sublime language our daily worship is offered up, whose words breathe joy and hope and consolation to the children of God. To him succeeds "Solomon the Asiatic," of whom, in the concluding lines of the chapter, the author says:

"A thousand wild and incredible fancies about the wise king possessed the minds of men in his own day, and they still exist all over the East. He never drew a sword, nor led an army, but no conqueror—not Alexander nor Caesar nor Tamerlane—enjoyed a wider fame in his own day; none enjoy a wider one in ours. He sought glory in the ways of peace instead of those of war; he grasped the riches of mind rather than those of matter, and he cultivated the arts of poetry and literature and thus made his wisdom and his fame perpetual."

Never has the character of woman—her mental and spiritual grace, her unwavering affection, her steadfast devotion, her solemn dignity—been more truly and beautifully described than in the portions of the book appropriated to those three remarkable women, Miriam, Deborah, and Naomi. Mr. Elliott has wisely chosen to receive their history from the hands of one of their own people; with Grace Aguilar such work was a labor of love, which she performed with skill and fidelity.

Job and His Integrity forms the subject of an essay by the Rev. Charles A. Stoddard, which is a scholarly and graceful production, well worthy a place in this volume. A description of the position and authority of the prophets is followed by an account of the schools, costume, music, and the musical instruments in use among the Hebrews, of which eighteen are especially named, and we are told that they claim to have used thirty-four of different kinds; the number may possibly be exaggerated, but it is certain that from time immemorial the race excelled in song, and, as the author remarks, "The spirit of prophecy and poetry has departed from them, but the love of music remains." A map of the Holy Land in the time of David precedes a highly instructive chapter by William Smith, LL.D., on the geography of that country, which is followed by some interesting conjectures respecting the Garden of Eden, and its probable position before that fatal catastrophe which

"Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

In addition to the Biblical account of the Deluge we have a fragment of Berosus, and various traditions which existed among eastern nations concerning that terrible visitation. From the writings of Dr. Stanley, whose lectures on the Jewish Church are marked by such originality and vigor, Mr. Elliott has taken the historical description of Mount Sinai, together with an account of the present condition and general features of that sacred locality. The vast historical knowledge of this learned interpreter of history, combined with his personal observation in later times, enables him to render intelligible what seems sometimes dim and obscure to the reader of sacred history. Jerusalem the Holy is approached with respect and veneration.

"Around it still linger the memories, the pride, the affections of the outcast Jews; upon it the eyes of Christians are turned with love and adoration, as the spot of earth where the beauty and the majesty of God have been revealed to man."

A most interesting account of the Jerusalem of to-day, a description of the Tabernacle and the Temple, naturally succeeds. From the Talmud, the writings of Josephus, from Arabic manuscripts and other reliable sources, the details of the original structure, and those which in succeeding ages were raised upon the same foundation, are carefully gleaned; the Mosque of Omar, which now stands

within the sacred enclosure, is briefly described, after which a short sketch of Ibrahim Pasha is not inappropriately introduced.

We next come to the New Testament, and in a spirit of profound reverence mingled with poetic enthusiasm the author writes of the Saviour, his life and mission, his doctrine, and his wisdom. The pages devoted to descriptions of memorable places as they were, in the days of their strength and glory, and as they are now, are equally interesting and instructive, suggesting parallels between the past and present, and comparisons which induce serious and wholesome reflection. The sad story of Mariamne is a terrible example of the bitterness of woman against woman, an appalling picture which has not been wholly without a counterpart in later times. The history of Saladin, with a condensed account of the Crusades, complete the work; a work which, despite the difficulties which must always attend the study of ancient history in the spirit of modern enquiry, must, to use the language of Dr. Milman, constitute "a work of universal, of perpetual interest."

LOTTA SCHMIDT.*

IN these nine short stories, some of which we have previously encountered in the English magazines, where we presume they have all appeared—although they are enough better than the average magazine stories to deserve the remarkably handsome volume in which they now appear—Mr. Trollope appears not quite at his best. As a consequence of his peculiarly diffuse style—of simple, straightforward, minute, easy detail—no other popular author requires so much space to spread out what he has to set before us; so that, when his limits are straitened, while his manner of narration remains uncondensed, he becomes reduced to the minimum of incident which can support the studies of character on which he is engaged. A writer who relied more upon dramatic interest would find this alternative ruinous to his tales, and even Mr. Trollope, whose excellences are always to be found elsewhere than in his plot, will disappoint readers whose expectations of him are derived from his *Barsetshire* chronicles.

The scenes of these nine stories—which are a prominent feature in them—are diversified enough, ranging through Vienna, Venice, London, Cornwall, Ireland, Boston, Kentucky, Panama; but for which there would be an objectionable monotony, for of the nine, eight have to do with marriage; the one which remains, *Father Giles of Ballymoy*, approaching the nearest to excitement, as narrating a narrow escape from dangerous misadventure in a barbarous part of Ireland, in consequence of a quasi-venial assault upon the parish priest, Father Giles, "one of the honestest fellows and best Christians whom it has ever been my good fortune to know." But without detailing the remaining stories—all of which, aside from their prime merit as pieces of character painting, are excellent as giving graphic sketches of unfamiliar national and social customs—we must proceed to enter our protest against some of the American delineations. Mr. Trollope, it is almost needless to say, not only is a man apparently with nothing like acrimony in his nature, but also is one of the most kindly of English critics of America; yet some of his experiences of us seem to have been so singular that we have little hesitation in pronouncing them incredible. The story of the two Kentucky brothers, who both love the same woman, who become generals in the hostile armies during the civil war, one being made the prisoner of the other and gaining his wife at the cost of a limb, is so sadly within the experience of many of us, that we scarcely discern its romance until an artist treats it. But against the Americans of two other stories we must uplift our testimony. One of these is a Mr. Frederic F. Frew—tenacious of the F., because "to an American it is always a point of honor that, at any rate, the initial of his second Christian name ["given name," Mr. Trollope ought, in consistency, to have said] should be remembered by all men"—who is engaged to a lady, an unmistakable lady, and is presented as socially her equal; but who makes such observations as, "It riles me to hear your folks talking of our elections." Here the middle-name matter, likewise the observation that the average American "considers that every intelligent being is bound to argue whenever matter of argument is offered to him; nor can he understand that any subject may be too sacred for argument"—these we are under the necessity of admitting; but that a man of good social condition should be capable of saying "rile" or "your folks" is entirely out of the question. The other objectionable story is of a Miss Ophelia Gledd, a young woman of some very admirable qualities, who is described as the belle of Boston, with

* *Lotta Schmidt, and other Stories*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Alexander Strahan; New York: George Routledge & Sons, 1867.

* *Life in the Holy Land through Four Thousand Years*. By Charles W. Elliott. Illustrated with steel engravings. Hartford: J. B. Burr & Co. 1867.

suitors galore. As to her beauty, Mr. Green—which is the designation of the narrator of all the stories told in the first person—once questioned it and was told in response, "Yes, sir; you'll find you're wrong; you'll find you're right, if you'll bide here awhile." During the sleighing season an extempore race occurs between Mr. Green and an American friend, in the one sleigh, and Miss Gledd and one of her suitors, in another; the horses of the latter run away, and the cavalier runs them into the ditch. Thereupon, overtaking them, Mr. Green's companion observes, "You fixed that pretty straight, Hoskins;" and "Darn them for horses" is the cavalier's reply; when declining Mr. Green's offer to drive her home in his unbroken sleigh, on the ground that she "had come out with Mr. Hoskins, and that she would go back with him," the lady proceeded to appropriate Green's sleigh to herself and Hoskins, leaving its proper owners with the wreck. In the evening they met at a tea-party; Miss Gledd sends for him and observes, "Mr. Green, I believe I owe you an apology. When I took your sleigh from you I didn't know you were a Britisher,—I didn't, indeed." In time an English friend of Mr. Green's addresses Miss Gledd, everybody knowing it, and that lady proceeds to ask Mr. Green, a casual acquaintance, "What sort of a man is he?" and ultimately to interrogate him whether, as Mrs. Pryor, she would be well received in English society by Mr. Pryor's friends. On the other hand Mr. Hoskins—Hannibal H. Hoskins—being jilted, calls upon Mr. Green to complain of his (Green's) friend, Pryor, as an interloper, explaining, "I don't go about with six-shooters in my pocket, and I don't want to fight, nohow, if I can help it," and, responding to a sentiment of Green's on the folly of duelling, continues: "That depends, sir, on how things eventuate. But, Mr. Green, satisfaction of that description is not what I desiderate on the present occasion," etc. Afterward came from Miss Gledd a note: "Come at once," she said, "as I want your advice above all things." And she signed herself, "Yours in all truth,—O. G." He went; she met him with both hands—explained that she was engaged to Pryor. "I could not help it," she said. "I love the very cut of his coat, the turn of his lip, the tone of his voice. The very sound which he makes as he closes the door behind him is too much for me. I believe that I ought to have let him go, but I could not do it." So they are married, and at the close we have stated this as the problem underlying the whole sketch:

"Now comes the question, will she, or will she not, be received in London as a lady,—as such a lady as my friend Pryor might have been expected to take for his wife."

We should certainly suppose not. We do not presume to pronounce upon the qualifications of gentility in Boston, but we venture to say that in no other place with which we are acquainted could the young woman Mr. Trollope describes be mistaken for a lady,—and further, that most Americans will not only fail to discern in her a typical character, but even a possible one. Where, moreover, above the shop-keeper walk of life, are to be heard such phrases as Mr. Trollope would seem to have been familiar with while in America,—*aire, bide, Britisher, nohow, desiderate, eventuate!* The last three, occurring in the same sentence, are especially admirable, since, even among the rabble, *nohow* is never heard north of Mason and Dixon, *desiderate* and *eventuate*, if any where, certainly not south of it.

Where can be the remarkable social nooks, unsuspected of all of us, into which it would appear that wicked wags inveigle the book-writing Briton?

LIBRARY TABLE.

TIGER LILIES: A Novel. By Sidney Lanier. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.—As the author of some quaint and graceful verses published from time to time in *The Round Table*, Mr. Lanier comes to us not unfavorably known. His novel goes far to confirm the good opinion which his poems suggested. We have, indeed, seldom read a first book more pregnant with promise or fuller of the faults which, more surely than precocious perfection, betoken talent. We take it for granted that Mr. Lanier is young; on that assumption we have chiefly based our praise. His errors seem to us to be entirely errors of youth and in the right direction. If we have to complain that Mr. Lanier sometimes forgets he is writing prose, that his characters garnish their talk with more tropes and metaphors than is usual in this workaday world, that his dialogue reads too often like a *catalogue raisonné* of his library, that he offers us only frothy fancies where we look for substantial thoughts, it is still pleasant to find in these vagaries traces of a scholarly and poetic taste. Exuberance is more easily corrected than sterility; and time, which chastens and purifies the imagination, can scarcely supply its want. When Mr. Lanier learns to "bride in his struggling muse" with what ever pain it may cost him, or at least to confine her cur-

vetings to her legitimate province of verse, we hope to have from his pen a better novel than *Tiger Lilies*—a better one, in fact, than any Southern writer has hitherto blest us with. As it is, we are thankful for a Southern book which, without at all disguising its sympathies with the rebellion, is still unmarred by the bad taste of many of its contemporaries in fanning a senseless and profitless sectional rancor. The only chapter where Mr. Lanier strays directly into politics is marked by this manly utterance in behalf of Mr. Davis:

"The author devoutly wishes that some one else had said what is here to be spoken, and said it better. That is: if there was guilt in any, there was guilt in all of us between Maryland and Mexico; that Mr. Davis, if he be termed the ringleader of the rebellion, was so not by virtue of any instigating act of his, but purely by the unanimous will and appointment of the Southern people; and that the hearts of the Southern people bleed to see how their own act has resulted in the chaining of Mr. Davis, who was as innocent as they, and in the pardon of those who were as guilty as he."

"All of us, if any of us, either for pardon or punishment; this is fair and we are willing."

Even though we should not altogether agree with Mr. Lanier's presentment of the case, we may still admire the chivalry that prompts it.

The plot of *Tiger Lilies*, which, by the way, affords not the slightest justification that we can find for its fanciful title, is easily told. Philip Sterling, deer-hunting on Old Smoky, a peak of the Tennessee Mountains, meets Paul Rübetsahl, and the two immediately, for no very apparent reason, strike that fast friendship which is commoner, alas! in novels than in life. Philip takes his prize to Thalberg, his father's house, at the foot of the mountain, where Paul and Felix—Philip's sister—fall in love quite as deeply and rationally. Here, too, Rübetsahl meets and recognizes in another guest the seducer of Otilie, his betrothed in Germany—John Cranston by name—who, intoxicated by his own fiddling (all Mr. Lanier's characters, it may be stated *en passant*, are musicians and German scholars) or by the wine he had for dinner, or by his love for Felix, the author doesn't know which, boasts of that unbecoming exploit to Rübetsahl and is properly knocked down by the indignant Teuton. Hospitable John Sterling says, "Begone!" but, pacified by Philip and Felix, permits Rübetsahl to remain, while Cranston is picked up by attendant darkies and carried to his room. Next morning he has disappeared, but turns up again at a fancy ball in the evening, where he calls himself Lancelot of the Lake, and challenges Rübetsahl as King Arthur to combat at *Pourtaunce*. That chivalric monarch unsheathes Excalibar and says, "Come on!" Cranston comes on, and after a terrific struggle, which only Otilie (who is present, having fled to Tennessee to bury her remorse) and her maid suspect to be a duel, Cranston is disarmed and discomfited. He goes home, and, the war breaking out, gets a commission in a Federal regiment, while Rübetsahl and Philip, of course, enlist in the Southern army, where they perform prodigies of valor, whiskey drinking, and quotation. Cranston, become a major, yearns to see his old love, and bribes a deserter from a Tennessee regiment, one Gorm Smallin, to pilot him back to Thalberg. They arrive on the summit of Old Smoky in time to meet Otilie and prevent that young lady from throwing herself from the summit. The patriotic Gorm, finding his cabin in ashes and his wife dead, at once resolves to revenge himself on John Sterling, who got him conscripted. So he climbs into Thalberg by a back window and sets the house on fire with a slow match, which gives him time to shoot Sterling and his wife through the front window. Cranston and a poor Indian retainer of Otilie, whose untutored mind was smitten by the fair German's charms, had come to worship their respective idols through the aforesaid window, and now rushing out naturally suspect each other of the crime and prepare to shoot; but Cranston is quickest and puts a pistol-ball in the Indian's shoulder, then bursting into the house with the smoking weapon, is naturally taken by Felix and Otilie for the murderer. The house burns rapidly, Cranston rescues the two women at the risk of his life, escorts them to Richmond, and is rewarded by the assurance that they still deem him guilty. However, his fame is cleared by the accident of the murderer's revealing the crime in a moment of maudlin confidence, and we part company from him at last under the shadow of the capitol at Richmond, where he has the satisfaction of seeing the woman for whom he has risked so much "with a yearning smile, as of a lost goddess finding heaven, twine her arms about Rübetsahl's neck." Otilie falls to Philip, and Cranston, the finest and best-drawn character in the book, though the author evidently does not know it, is left out in the cold, without even the easy reward of a brigadier-generalship to console him for his lost love.

Most readers will find the ending rather abrupt, but it is not inartistic. There are some superfluous characters in the book whose business seems mainly to show the poetic and linguistic attainments of the Southern warrior, and no very original ones. There is, too, in the style a straining after novelty and an affectation of quaintness so marked as to be often unpleasant. But with all its faults the book has uncommon merit; there is a freshness in the treatment, a vivacity and vigor, and

in the prison scene, especially, a sense of humor which gives it an honorable distinction from the mass of recent Southern literature. If Mr. Lanier will only remember that Mr. Charles Reade is an author whose faults are so much more easily acquired than his excellences as to make him, for a young writer, the worst possible model, and that long abstract disquisitions on metaphysics and music do not enhance the interest of a work of fiction, we do not hesitate to say that his next book will justify our prophecy of success.

I. Barnaby Rudge; II. The Old Curiosity Shop; III. David Copperfield; IV. A Tale of Two Cities; V. Our Mutual Friend. People's Edition. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1867.

VI. Pickwick Papers. Illustrated. Octavo Edition. The same. 1867.

VII. American Notes for General Circulation. The same.

Together with the *Pickwick* and *Dombey*, of which we have previously spoken, the volumes of the *People's Edition* named above make seven of this set which have as yet been published. This edition is nearly the same as the duodecimo edition made, we think, some fifteen years ago by the Messrs. Peterson, in which the longer novels filled two volumes; now, by the use of thin, though perfectly clear, paper and curtailing the number of illustrations, they are brought within the compass of one volume. The illustrations vary in excellence, some being copies of the original English designs of a sort whereof we shall presently speak, others, in the later books, being those which were used in the periodicals of the Messrs. Harper, and which, by being now printed on a heavy tinted paper, are in general very satisfactory. Altogether, for clearness and pleasantness of print, this edition equals, while in shapeliness and external comeliness we think it surpasses, any other sold at the same price (\$1.50).

The volume of *Pickwick* next on our list, which belongs to an entirely new edition and is evidently from new stereotype plates, is printed in double column, on a heavy white paper, and in a smaller but perfectly distinct type, that may be read at arm's length. In this the 48 illustrations by Seymour and Phiz, which originally appeared in the Messrs. Peterson's two-volume edition, are reduced to 32, while in that last described they number but 12; and, worse than this, we discover by comparison with the fifteen-year-old edition that the etchings on steel—coarse and malformed as they always were—have been reproduced in a deteriorated style in excessively rude woodcuts. Notwithstanding this edition is a good and a handsome one, yet we should give the preference to the *People's*.

The *American Notes*, suitably enough, are offered in a not unpleasant cheap pamphlet, of which Mr. Dickens's visit will doubtless cause many to avail themselves. Our own recent observation has shown us that, to a degree which we should have supposed incredible, the people who most strenuously expatiate against this book—beside needing to have the mirror held up to nature, which almost goes without saying—have no definite notion of what it contains, but are lashing themselves to fury over a hypothetical bugaboo for which they may search vainly through its pages. Anyhow, everybody will do well to acquaint himself with, or refresh his memory upon, *American Notes*, or else by silence avoid the exposure of a temper as pitiful as it is causeless.

Dream Children. By the author of Seven Little People and Their Friends. Cambridge: Sever & Francis.—Of the numerous books which of late years have been published for children this is certainly one of the most charming. In direct contrast with the many so-called Christmas books, which are gorgeous outside and empty within, this comes to us in seemly but simple dress, while gems of thought and beauty are freely scattered over every page. The style is simple and concise—no expressions are used which are above the child's capacity to comprehend; the little ones are neither preached at nor "talked through," and the stories are all such as will appeal to their understanding and delight their fancy. Nothing can speak more highly for the heart of the author than the tender sympathy expressed throughout the book for the feelings of very old people, and very young ones, and the just appreciation of their true moral worth and beauty; while the art of finding poetry in the ordinary objects of life is evinced in an unusual degree. We have rarely found a more attractive little volume, and feel assured that the many readers who admired the former work of the author will not be disappointed with this.

Love in Letters. Illustrated in the Correspondence of Eminent Persons. By Allen Grant. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1867.—Without agreeing with Lord Bacon, who chose, like many other learned writers, to be epigrammatic sometimes at the expense of his own true sentiments, we must concede that great men are apt to verify the adage which says that "it is impossible to love and to be wise," and we must therefore, out of respect to the memory which commands our reverence, protest against an exposition of their weakness as exemplified in those familiar evidences of affection which escaped

them in unguarded moments, and on which no prying eye was ever meant to dwell. In justice, however, to the compiler of this work, we must say that it is not wholly filled with such sacred words of thought and affection. The letters of Abélard and Héloïse are patent to the world; they find an appropriate place in such a volume, for by their love, their sorrows, and their sufferings are these lovers famous, and neither the learning of Abélard nor the sanctity of the Abbess of Paraclete, "who loved like St. Theresa, wrote like Seneca, and whose grace was so irresistible that it charmed even St. Bernard himself," can constitute claims to the renown which through centuries has surrounded them with a halo of romance, and raised them almost to the dignity of martyrs.

The letters of Ninon de L'Enclos are tinged with the spirit of the age in which she lived; they represent the thoughts and feelings of a society artificial in its habits, its teachings, its morality, its peculiar code of honor, and in its appreciation of truths which are as susceptible of demonstration now as in the days of Ninon, but which are neither elevating in tone nor wholesome in their application. Her letters are free from any taint of grossness, and are by no means devoid of a certain elegance of style. From Samuel Pepys we have characteristic contributions, and from the ill-fated Marianna d'Alcaforada heart-rending evidence of woman's weakness and devotion. The remarks of an eminent writer concerning the publication of Sir Richard Steele's letters confirm our expressed opinions:

"The most private thoughts, the most familiar and unguarded expressions, weaknesses which the best men pass their lives in concealing, self-reproaches that only arise to the most generous natures—everything, in short, that Richard Steele uttered in the confidence of an intimacy the most sacred, and which repeatedly he had begged 'might be shown to no one living,' became the property of all the world."

Letters from Sterne, Madame Piozzi, Pope, Klopstock, Dr. Johnson, Goethe, Burns, Napoleon, and a host of men of genius and renown, together with some from equally celebrated women, are contained in this volume, the value and interest of which are greatly enhanced by a short biographical sketch of the principal personages who figure in a correspondence abounding in those expressions of affection which Jean Paul esteems to be superior to all other proofs of love.

Hymn-Writers and Their Hymns. By the Rev. S. W. Christophers. London: S. W. Partridge; New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1867.—In rambling, discursive, and gossipy but withal genial and attractive style, Mr. Christophers gives us some account of famous hymns and their makers from the days of Miriam, who sounded the loud timbrel by Egypt's dark sea, to the present time. Of Heber and Keble, most tender of sacred poets; of Toplady and Olivers, most polemical of psalmists; of fertile Watts and prolific Wesley and nautical Newton, he tells us some things that to us, at least, are new, and much that is interesting. The Wesleys seem to monopolize an undue share of his attention, until we learn that Charles alone was guilty of seven thousand hymns, beside the few his brother wrote and the multitude that both of them tinkered into want of shape. The chapter on *Hymn-Menders* is indeed one of the most amusing in the book. Everybody who ever wrote a hymn seems to have been seized with the mania. "The Wesleys are seen mending Herbert and Watts, Toplady and Madan are found hashing and recocking Charles Wesley. Somebody else is trying to improve Toplady. Heber makes free with Jeremy Taylor. Montgomery is altering and altered, Keble and Milman and Alford are all pinched and twisted and redressed in turn. Among all these menders John Wesley was, perhaps, one of the best. He was positively sure that nobody could mend his own hymns; but he was not scrupulous in mending other people's. . . . Generally," however, "his emendations were improvements." Perhaps any degree of comprehensiveness was not to be looked for in a work of this professedly desultory character, but we must confess to a little disappointment at finding no mention of a poet who has written so many and such charming hymns as Faber. Mr. Christophers, too, is rather enthusiastic in admiration of his favorites, but that makes his book none the less entertaining for people who are interested in the branch of literature he treats of.

A Landscape Book. By American Artists and American Authors. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.—Perhaps one reason why American art appears to grow more rapidly and improve more visibly in the direction of landscape than of figure or genre painting is its very marked tendency toward a realistic method of treatment. Truth is the most healthful sign of a painter's genius, but truth does not always make a picture agreeable to the eye when the object represented is ugly. The buildings in a new country are undeniably deficient in many elements of the picturesque, the manners, dress, and attitudes of modern society are antagonistic to that abandon and luxuriance which help to lift a composition from the actual to the ideal; but nature offers to the American artist an inexhaustible field of study. The beauty of this continent, so vast and yet so perfect in detail, so magnificent in winter, so lovely in summer, may, indeed, impress him with a feel-

ing akin to despair from the difficulty of adequate representation, but need never oblige him to resort to conventional expedients in order to atone for the deficiencies of his subject. The glowing summer atmosphere and the brilliant autumn coloring in the new world have shown their work in the long line of good names whose contributions year after year help to form a school which, yet in its infancy, attracts the attention of the old. Those paintings which enterprising artists have sent abroad have invariably commanded the praises of the English, who are such great lovers of landscape painting, and who have for years devoted their attention and bestowed their rewards most particularly in that direction; and it may be that there is something in the Anglo-Saxon blood which, by its preference for nature and the out-door life of wilds and forests, over the thronged centres of civilization in which Frenchmen live or the listless street-life of the Italians, leads to greater successes in studies where the dramatic element is absent. Mr. Putnam has shown much judgement in his selection both of pictures and letter-press for the volume mentioned above, which not only gives us beautiful scenery, but does justice to some of the most deservedly successful works of American artists. One of Huntington's, painted long before his pencil was devoted so exclusively to figures, almost makes us regret that it has been so, and that the talent which has achieved such success in portraits should not give our younger artists greater opportunities of observing its power in other walks. Two from Durand, who may be esteemed the father of American landscape painting, are beautiful engravings, and by their finish indicate how his early practice in that art had influenced his style. Cropsey, Church, Kensett, Cole, in short, all the names so well known to us as lovers of nature and servants of art, contribute from the inexhaustible beauties of the lakes and mountains to enrich a volume which is not valuable as a mere mass of hot-pressed paper and holiday gilding, but as a collection of the best efforts of American artists to represent some of the most interesting or lovely scenes in the country, executed in a manner worthy of the subject and of the attention of a refined and cultivated taste.

Horse Portraiture. By Joseph Cairn Simpson. New York: W. A. Townsend & Adams.—Without making pretension to being expert in matters connected with the stable, we have been interested in much contained in this volume and should think that for people fond of the turf it would have real value. The author is evidently not only an enthusiast in his specialty, but a man able and willing to go through hard work for the sake of accuracy and utility. Trotting has been and still is the characteristic American equine sport, and although racing proper, which formerly gained but spasmodic attention, has lately received through the exertions of Mr. Jerome and others so strong an impulse as to be regarded a practically new institution among us, trotting will doubtless long continue to obtain a large share of eager interest from sporting men. Mr. Simpson's volume seems to be conscientiously prepared, and it certainly contains much curious detail and many animated descriptions. The diction is occasionally a little faulty, but one does not look in such a work for the style of an Addison. In other respects, to our untutored eyes, the book seems worthy of commendation and is certainly issued by the publishers in very attractive style.

Among the Birds. By Edward A. Samuels. Boston: Nichols & Noyes.—Mr. Samuels chanced on a very pretty idea when he thought of describing the habits and characteristics of his heroes and heroines in a form which lends to truthful description the coloring and interest of fiction. The loves, the wedding, and subsequently the domestic cares of Mr. and Mrs. Brown Thrush and a Chapter in the Life of Mr. and Mrs. Wren are charming sketches that might interest readers of larger growth than those for whom they are intended. Among the experiences of *Our Birds in Winter* is included the relation, by a bird of superior acquirements, of a fairy story which is singularly apposite and telling. Altogether, the little book is a delightful contribution to the amusement of the young, to whom it will be rendered doubly acceptable by the excellence of its illustrations.

First Book on Civil Government. By Andrew W. Young. New York: Clark & Maynard. 1867.—It is a misfortune to have a bad name, and, in the case of this book, a misfortune purely, for the book is calculated to do good service when once its contents are known. It is intended as an elementary treatise on the Government of the United States (and that of the states individually), describing the powers and limitations of its functions. The name of the book, however, leads one to expect a general treatise on government; and when we are told that this volume is an introduction to the *Government Class Book*, we are still further led astray by the very natural supposition that this book must be some publication of the government, discriminating, in some unrepugnant manner, against classes, or giving blue-book statistics.

None will deny that a more general study of our constitutional forms of government would be profitable in the light of recent events, and that the present ignorance

of them, especially among women, ought to be at least somewhat dispelled before the suffrage can be wisely employed, even if extended to other classes than those at present exercising it.

This volume gives a general statement of the theory of all government, followed by a detailed view of the United States Government and its relation to the state governments, closing with the Constitution and a synopsis of the constitutions of all the states. In the hands of a judicious teacher, the book can be most profitably used in schools, according to its design.

Ancient History. Illustrated by Maps and a Chronological Chart. By C. A. Bloss. Revised by John J. Anderson, A.M. New York: Clark & Maynard. 1867.—Ancient history affords opportunity for new methods of presenting the subject, and it is singular compilers do not avail themselves of it. Modern history is valuable as it shows us, in addition to the chronology and the successive stages of civilization, the important personages and the political combinations. But this latter branch of historical study cannot, from the nature of the case, be reproduced from the meagre and untrustworthy materials of ancient history. The order of national events in the pre-Christian nations that were most civilized—Assyria, Egypt, and Persia—is not definitely ascertained, and even if it were, is but a fractional part of the history of the world up to that date; the present relations of foreigners with the more eastern nations of Japan and India promising to fill up what is, at present, a complete historical blank. Moreover, the best known persons and political facts of the most civilized ancient nations lack the charm of interest, from our inability to reconstruct the moral life of those people. It is true we call Chosroes and the Ptolemies great, but that word expresses no such combination of qualities as is suggested by the same word applied to Charlemagne or Frederick.

Accordingly, there is great need of a text-book of universal ancient history which would give the significance of each nation in the development of civilization, and do for all and each what St. John has done so well in his *History of Greek Life and Manners* for Greece. Dr. Whewell's *History of the Physical Sciences* gives one a clearer idea of the moral and intellectual force represented in the average Greek or Alexandrine mind than would a most critical reading of Herodotus or Thucydides. A map of Arabia and contiguous parts of Africa, such as were made by Arabic geographers of the twelfth century, if reprinted from the collection issued at Brussels, would give an exact and most interesting test of the geographical knowledge of the Arabs at that time. It is interesting, too, to know that no combination of mechanical powers known to us would suffice to lift the blocks of the Pyramids to their present position; and such facts are far more interesting than to be told that Amenophis III. is supposed to be the Egyptian king who perished in the Red Sea fifteen years, as is supposed, before Christ.

Mr. Bloss's history gives, in a connected narrative for the use of schools, an account of four millenniums preceding the fall of the Western Roman Empire; according to his chronology, this carries the reader back to the beginning of the world. It would have been wiser, considering the difference of opinion on this point, to have given his dates for known facts, and there rested. The book is accompanied by colored maps, clearly drawn, illustrating the geography of the ancient world, and very desirable, inasmuch as they save reference to a Butler.

Excerpta ex P. Ovidii Nasonis, Pars Secunda. Baltimore: Typis Kelly et Piet. 1866.—A neat, handy school edition of the *Fasti* and *Epistolarum Tristitia* of Ovid, with the preface and notes entirely in Latin. The volume will slip into the pocket very readily, and would be an agreeable companion for those whose daily wanderings permit of sufficient leisure to read this wonderful ancient Hans Andersen. The preface informs us that the *Metamorphoses* have already been published in similar style, the volume probably constituting *Pars Prima*. We have not received this volume, and beg leave to protest against being expected to notice mutilated or imperfect editions of books. Hereafter, we shall be sure to notice such books at least no better than they deserve.

A Latin Reader. By William B. Silber, A.M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1867.—There can be no excuse for lack of fulness in a Latin book designed to teach the principles of the Latin language. The chief merit of the study of that language lies in the mental discipline it affords, and the grammar of the dead languages is the only one that will repay a thorough study of its minutest intricacies. Silber's Latin course gives an epitome of Latin grammar, tables, and mythology for reading exercises, a vocabulary and exercises in prose composition. The latter division of the book comprises exactly five pages, which, so far as answering their design, might have been just as well left as fly-leaves. The best feature of the book, which is not creditable to the College of the City of New York, is the copious references to the three best known grammars of Harkness, Andrews, and Bullions. But there is not enough attention paid to the details of grammatical principles to make it a commendable elementary book, and Latin history is preferable as reading-matter to *Æsop's Fables*. The English of the au-

thor's preface is not, moreover, below criticism; "to ground one into the knowledge of the language" suggests a tritulating process quite equal to what is vulgarly called "rubbing it in," and raises the pupil, after being thus laid level with the roots of the language, to a contemplation of the question of the force of certain prepositions.

First Lessons in English Grammar. By Simon Kerl, A.M. New York: Iseion, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. 1867.—We have already noticed in a former number the general excellence of Kerl's grammars, both in typographical neatness and in method of treatment. Teachers, as the author well says, are restless under present methods of making the analysis of one's own language a proper subject for mental discipline, and call for less science and more simplicity of statement in elementary works on English grammar. Mr. Kerl drops the infinitive as a mood of the verb, and otherwise simplifies the subject by clear arrangement. This little book contains really all there is to be taught of grammatical facts, and it is a growing impression that, beyond the knowledge necessary to write the language correctly, no mental discipline can be obtained from labored systems of analyzing sentences which cannot be much better acquired by a universal introduction of Latin grammar into every preparatory course of study.

Grammatical Diagrams Defended and Improved. By Frederick S. Jewell, Ph.D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1867.—The author of this book is well known as a most clear-headed man, and the thoroughness of analysis he has brought to bear upon his subject sufficiently attests his fine quality of mind. But we doubt the usefulness of the complex researches he has here made into the logic of "the English sentence." The fact that one-third of the book is devoted to a defence of the system he elaborates with such remorseless minuteness is at least a presumption against the wide adoption of his views on the subject of teaching English grammar. Still, Prof. Clark's books of diagrams have been extensively used, and Dr. Jewell has ably supplemented that author's attempt to reduce English grammar to a scientific analysis. But we do not join in his hope that he has thereby added to anybody's "knowledge of the English sentence." The method of teaching by diagrams, in which the lines explain the logical connection of the parts of speech, is an excellent one, and may be advantageously used to a limited extent. But the attempt to construct the method into a system is the result of a scientific habit of mind exercised on a subject which, from its very nature, defies scientific treatment. The English sentence is as susceptible of scientific analysis as the shape of a summer cloud, and we are not much wiser, grammatically or otherwise, when we have learned the force of "rhetorical contingents" and "attributive phenomena." The advocates of the system in this extended form are very few, and even they do not claim any merit for it on the ground of its making better writers, but simply for the training it gives the powers of discrimination. This training is more immediately obtained from the study of Latin, and in this case ought not to weigh for a moment against the positive injury the system inflicts, by inculcating habits of stiff, involved composition, and checking the natural exuberance of expression, whose very life is freedom.

I. The Progressive Primer Arithmetic. By Daniel W. Fish, A.M. New York: Iseion, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. 1867.—II. *The Progressive Intellectual Arithmetic.* The same.—III. *The Rudiments of Written Arithmetic.* The same.—Mr. Fish's editions of Robinson's Mathematical Series have been so long in use, and are so noted for fulness of example and clear statement of short methods, that scholars as well as teachers have learned to prefer them. Of the three on our list the first is designed to furnish the simplest facts of arithmetic as far as fractions, and is introductory to *The Rudiments* by the same author. The second presents a full, progressive system of doing sums "in the head." So well graded is the system that the pupil finds himself performing simple calculations in interest without resort to pencil and paper. The third is the first of the well-known Robinson series, which has been noticed in the educational number of *The Round Table* for September 7. This volume (the whole series being carefully graded) carries the scholar through simple interest. A very full exhibit of the metrical system is inserted at the close, with tables and examples for practice, together with a brief history of its first adoption in France. The common people of France are even now, after a half-century of trial, only slowly becoming used to this needed reform, but there seems to be no reason for a similar tardiness in its adoption by all classes in this country. Already the Yankee school-master is improving the system, so that it may be easily handled in practice, and a portion of the treatise in this book is devoted to suggesting a system of abbreviated nomenclature, whereby the long Latin and Greek numerals may slip more easily on the tongue.

The Cambridge Course of Elementary Physics: Part Third, Astronomy. By W. J. Rolfe and J. A. Gillett. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth; New York: O. S. Felt.

1867.—This book is divided into three nearly equal parts. The first treats of the apparent and real motions of the heavenly bodies, of the method of measuring the earth's size and the celestial distances, and of the phenomena arising from the earth's motions; the second describes the solar system, giving the latest information on the subject of the appearances of the surfaces of the sun and moon; the third part treats of motion and gravitation, and is a good introduction to physical astronomy.

So much of the science of astronomy as is here presented is rarely offered in a school text-book without requiring of the student greater proficiency in mathematics. A fair knowledge only of geometry is needed to begin, while the little trigonometry called for is given in a few pages of the appendix.

The accuracy of statement which we have referred to in the other works by the same authors is especially noticeable in the book before us. The single fault we find with the book is the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the writers. Our previous experiences have led us to expect some expressions of earnest, fervid feeling in a work on descriptive astronomy, but this book is as free from them as an almanac or algebræ. In one place, as if by inadvertence, there is a glowing description quoted from Hind of the total eclipse of July, 1851; but after thus pandering to popular prejudice, the authors hasten to lead the reader, by way of penance, through an abstruse explanation of umbra and shadow, without the light of a diagram, and then, apparently feeling that some severe mathematical discipline is still necessary, set before him for contemplation the following:

"And when the sun is on the meridian of a given place, it will be 15° east of the meridian of a place 15° to the east of it;" after which the equilibrium is restored and there is no other similar weakness exhibited.

The typography, diagrams, and whole arrangement of the matter of the work are excellent.

Elements of Natural Philosophy. By W. J. Rolfe and J. A. Gillett. Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth. New York: O. S. Felt. 1867.—This is an elementary work on pressure, motion, and simple machines, designed for beginners and adapted to the grammar-school grade of talent. We have no doubt it will prove to be a valuable text-book, although it will require instructors of more than ordinary skill to create an interest in the subject, for the style of the book is not calculated to awaken enthusiasm. Electricity, sound, light, and heat are to be introduced in the more advanced book of the course. The peculiar merit of this as well as the other books of the Cambridge course is scientific accuracy.

A Fourteen Weeks' Course in Chemistry. By J. Doran Steele. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1867.—Of the recent praiseworthy efforts to prepare an outline of chemistry for students whose time for the study is limited, Mr. Steele's little book is the best we have seen.

The laws of combination are clearly stated; the nomenclature so often omitted in brief works is here presented and used throughout the book, and, better than all, a series of problems is given in the appendix to ensure familiarity with the law of definite proportions as well as an acquaintance with the properties and uses of the more common salts.

Elementary Anatomy and Physiology. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D., and Edward Hitchcock, Jr., M.D. New York: Iseion, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. 1866.—The names of the authors are sufficient to ensure special attention to whatever compilation they might make on the subject of comparative anatomy. Beside covering the ground usually traversed in the school physiologies, this book gives an excellent outline of comparative anatomy, with more of microscopic anatomy than is usual in any elementary work, and is throughout amply illustrated.

The Latin names of different parts of the body are out of place in an elementary book of this kind, and the religious inferences of design, although striking, would have been better interspersed in exemplification of the scientific text than arranged under a separate head at the close, where they will never receive the notice they deserve.

The December number of *The Broadway*, for interest and variety, is quite as good as the numbers that preceded it. Mr. Lawrence gives us five more thrilling chapters of *Brakespeare*, wherein that doughty and athletic champion performs those fearless feats of derring-do which are the chivalrous wont of Mr. Lawrence's heroes, and the wonder of his readers; A Dramatic Author favors us, in a graphic and amusing sketch, with an inside view of *The Miseries of Dramatic Authorship*; Mr. W. Clark Russell contributes a fair and appreciative, if not very critical, estimate of *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, whom he strangely calls "a devotional poet;" Mr. Henry Sedley compares *Regent Street and Broadway*; the Author of *The Gentle Life* deprecates the sordid realism and grossness of taste into which exaggerated worship of muscle is bringing *The Young Men of To-day*, and, though directing his observations to British youth, says something that our own young men might profitably heed; Mr. John Hollingshead, in a thoughtful and earnest paper,

entitled *Penny Wise and Pound Foolish*, blows a blast against the pseudo-philanthropy of sentimental trading associations; and Mr. F. C. Burnand, in another instalment of *Second Thoughts*, is droll and whimsical as ever. These are the prose articles, and in the way of poetry we have Mr. Bradbury and Miss Alice Cary with some rather pretty verses, and Mr. Buchanan with some rather silly ones matched by the singularly insipid picture accompanying them. As will be seen, more space is given to American writers than in any previous number, and altogether this international magazine seems to be fairly earning its right to rank with the most lively and entertaining of its rivals.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, London and New York.—North Coast, and other Poems. By Robert Buchanan. With illustrations by eminent artists. Pp. xiv., 250. 1868.
 Routledge's Every Boy's Annual. Edited by Edmund Routledge. With illustrations. Pp. vii., 760. 1868.
 Every Boy's Book: A Complete Cyclopædia of Sports and Amusements. Edited by Edmund Routledge. Illustrated. Pp. xvi., 767. 1868.
 The Boy's Own Country Book: Descriptive of the Seasons and Rural Amusements. By Thomas Miller. Illustrated. Pp. xiv., 130, 131, 134, 134. 1868.
 The Boys of Beechwood. By Mrs. Eiloart. With illustrations. Pp. vii., 395. 1868.
 The Complete Works of Oliver Goldsmith. Comprising his E-says, Plays, Poetical Works, and Vicar of Wakefield. New edition. Pp. xii., 711. 1867.
 The Young Nile-Voyagers. By Anne Lowman, author of *Esperanza*, *Young Exiles*, etc. Illustrated. Pp. viii., 440. 1868.
 Wonderful Inventions. From the Mariner's Compass to the Electric Telegraph Cable. By John Timbs. With numerous engravings. Pp. xvi., 400. 1868.
 The Child's Country Story Book. By Thomas Miller. With eight colored illustrations. Pp. 145. 1868.
 The Children's Poetry Book: being a Selection of Poetry for the Young. Illustrated. Pp. viii., 432. 1868.
 Sir Victor's Choice. By Annie Thomas, author of *Denis Donne*. Pp. v., 409. 1867.
 The Two Midshipmen: A Tale of the Sea. By Captain Armstrong. A new edition. Pp. 322.
 The Microscope: Its History, Construction, and Application. By Jabez Hogg, F.R.S., F.R.M.S., with upward of 500 engravings and colored illustrations by Tuffen West. Sixth edition. Pp. xx., 732. 1867.
 The Purgatory of Peter the Crnel. By James Greenwood. Illustrated by Ernest Griset. Pp. 164. 1868.
 Guinevere. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Pp. 41. 1868.
 Vivien. The same. Pp. 49. 1868.
 S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., London; New York: George Routledge & Sons.—Our Four-footed Friends. By Mary Howitt. Pp. x., 168.
 ALEXANDER STRAHAN, London; New York: George Routledge & Sons.—The Huguenot Family in the English Village. By Sarah Tytler. Pp. ix., 616. 1867.
 Prayers for the Sick Chamber. Pp. 215. 1867.
 Voices of the Prophets: or, Faith, Prayer, and Human Life. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D. Pp. ix., 324. 1867.
 CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO., New York.—The Fables of Æsop. With illustrations by Henry L. Stephens. Lithographed by Julius Wagner. Pp. x., 76. 1868.
 FREDERICK WARREN & CO., London; New York: Scribner, Welford & Co.—Golden Thoughts from Golden Fountains. Illustrated by eminent artists. Pp. xvi., 289. 1868.
 SCRIBNER, WELFORD & CO., New York.—Christian Lyrics: chiefly Selected from Modern Authors. With upward of 100 engravings. Pp. xiv., 180. 1868.
 The Story Without an End. From the German of Carnové. By Sarah Austin. Illustrated and printed in colors after drawing by E. V. B. Pp. vi., 40. 1868.
 JOHN C. HOTTEN, London.—Abyssinia and Its People; or, Life in the Land of Prester John. Edited by J. C. Hotten. Illustrated. Pp. vi., 384. 1868.
 T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. People's Edition. Illustrated. Pp. 392.
 The Family Save-All. By the author of *The National Cook Book*. Pp. 675.
 JAMES MILLER, New York.—Poems of Childhood. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Illustrated by Hennessey and Thwaites. Pp. 162. 1867.
 Thrilling Incidents in American History. By J. W. Barber. Pp. 354. 1868.
 The American Boy's Life of Washington. By Mrs. Anna M. Hyde. Pp. 235. 1868.
 Miller's Nursery Picture Book. With 100 illustrations by Bennett, and others. Pp. 143.
 My New Picture Book. With 90 illustrations. Pp. 100.
 Gilt-chat; or, Short Tales in Short Words. By the author of *Always Happy*, etc. Pp. 128.
 The History of Little Jack. By Thomas Day. Pp. 75, 63.
 Uncle John's Story Book; or, Short Tales in Short Words. By the same. Pp. 125.
 Charlie Hathaway; or, The City Clerk and his Sister, and other Stories. By Catharine M. Sedgwick. Pp. 91, 64.
 HURD & Houghton, New York.—The Three Holy Kings. With photographic illustrations. Pp. 31. 1868.
 The Diary of a Milliner. By Belle Otis. Pp. viii., 200. 1867.
 Tiger Lilies: A Novel. By Sidney Lanier. Pp. 232. 1867.
 Italian Journeys. By W. D. Howells. Pp. 330. 1867.
 Poems. By Elizabeth C. Kinney. Pp. viii., 226. 1867.
 LORING, Boston.—Into the Light; or, The Jewess. By C. A. O. Pp. 322. 1868.
 "Judge Not;" or, Hester Powers's Girlhood. By Mrs. Edwin Sheppard. Pp. 224. 1868.
 J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia.—The Lives, Sentiments, and Sufferings of some of the Reformers and Martyrs Before, Since, and Independent of the Lutheran Reformation. By William Hodgson. Pp. xii., 465. 1867.
 Ecce Deus Homo; or, The Work and Kingdom of the Christ of Scripture. Pp. 207. 1868.
 A Prayer-Book and Hymnal for the Use of the New Church. Pp. xxiv., 203, 242. 1867.
 HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity in the Nineteenth Century. By Albert Barnes, author of *Notes on the Psalms*, etc. Pp. vi., 431. 1868.
 D. APPLETON & CO., New York.—Ella; or, Spain Fifty Years Ago. Translated from the Spanish of Fernán Caballero. Pp. 324. 1868.
 SEVER & FRANCIS, Cambridge.—Dream Children. By the author of *Seven Little People and their Friends*. Pp. xii., 241. 1867.
 LEYFOLDT & HOET, New York.—(Bernhard Tauchnitz, Leipzig.) Faust. By Goethe. From the German by John Anster, LL.D. Pp. xiv., 265. 1867.
 Nathan the Wise: A Dramatic Poem. By Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Translated by Ellen Frothingham. Pp. xxiii., 238. 1868. Advance Sheets.
 M. W. DODD, New York.—On Both Sides of the Sea: A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. A sequel to *The Draytons and the Davenants*. By the author of *The Schöberg-Cotta Family*. Pp. 510. 1867.
 H. B. FULLER, Boston.—Fair Bells, and What They Told Us. Translated from the German by S. W. Lander. Illustrated. Pp. 204. 1868.
 AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York.—Netty and Her Sister; or, The Two Paths. By the author of *Phil Kennedy*. Pp. 192.
 CUSHING & CAVE, Houston, Texas.—Minding the Gap, and Other Poems. By Mollie E. Moore. Pp. 240. 1867.

PAMPHLETS.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—The Atlantic Almanac, 1868. Edited by Oliver Wendell Holmes and Donald G. Mitchell. Pp. 64.
T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—American Notes for General Circulation. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 104.
LORING, Boston.—Jack the Giant Killer. The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. Cinderella. By Miss Thackeray. Pp. 15, 10, 17. 1868.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—The Waterdale Neighbors: A Novel. By the author of Paul Massie. Pp. 120.
Carlyon's Year: A Novel. By the author of Lost Sir Massingherd.
ROBERT M. DE WITT, New York.—Nobody's Child: A Romantic Drama in Three Acts. By Watts Phillips, Esq. Pp. 38.
We have also received the catalogue of The Theta Delta Chi Fraternity, and current numbers of The Michigan University Magazine, The American Journal of Horticulture, and the Old Franklin Almanac for 1868.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

A NOTED dramatist once observed that most men think they can preach sermons and manage theatres better than their neighbors; the many painful attempts made by those who weekly tax the patience of meek listeners, and whom the Scotch designate as "stickit ministers," and the number of others who have struggled like swimmers against the stream, and finally brought up in the bankrupt court, attest the truth of the observation. There is perhaps no position so difficult to fill successfully as that of a theatrical manager, and none the difficulties of which are less appreciated by the public. If he, by something short of a miracle, satisfy the hydra-headed monster, the credit is awarded to those whom he employs; if he fail, the whole blame falls on himself. His position requires the exercise of great intelligence, patience, courage, and tact; his engagements must be faithfully and punctually kept, and the caprice of a single individual may ruin his best concerted plans. We may, therefore, congratulate ourselves upon being able to profit by the life-long experience of one whose managerial career, here and elsewhere, has been one un-interrupted success, and to whom we are indebted for one of the most charming entertainments ever offered to this or any other public. Like all arts which address themselves to the imagination, the stage has sometimes been degraded to a very low condition; gross caricature and meretricious exhibition have attracted to some of our theatres the least intelligent portion of the population, while in the semi-deserted "temples of the drama" hurricanes of stormy passions raged, and—as a writer in the last century once said—"every actor seemed to be hastening on the day of judgement."

"*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" Mr. Bateman has brought among us artists of refined taste and sound judgement, true to their art and zealous to excel, whose style has been formed upon the best models, and subjected to the test of the most severe and exacting criticism. The charming French opera likewise grows nightly in public favor, and the dynasty of the *Grande Duchesse*, protected by the invincible General Boun and guarded by the "*Sabre de mon père*," bids fair to be as lengthy as it is popular. It is true that the chair of state is variously filled. To-day delights us at one time with her exquisite piquancy and grace, and on another evening she is replaced by a prima donna whose youth, beauty, and sweet fresh voice are equally attractive. But nothing interferes with the established institution. *Le roi est mort! Vive le roi!* This revolution in theatricals is a favorable sign of a much-needed improvement in the taste of our people. Genius must be fostered and its attainments rewarded; by the degree in which the arts flourish among us, and are cultivated by us, so shall our position stand in the scale of civilization. It is one of the high privileges of wealth to encourage those who have the power, acquired through prolonged and laborious study, to refine our taste, to wean us from the "noisy haunts of bustling trade," to please the eye and delight the imagination; and it devolves upon the rich thus to employ a portion of their means. It is too much to require of any one that he should undergo the years of drudgery requisite to carry his art to the highest degree of excellence and then find neither the appreciation nor support without which the sensitive nature of the true artist languishes and dies.

The *Grande Duchesse* having established her rule among us upon a sure foundation, seeks, like all conquerors, for extended sway, and has resolved upon making a royal progress through adjacent states to levy tribute and gladden the eyes and ears of those who have long sighed for her presence. We must, therefore, be content to part with her for awhile, and, at the season of "heart-easing mirth," when life is, or should be, all a holiday, revise our sometime neglected memories of Homeric lore, and devote our willing homage to *La belle Hélène*, whose love "first made men heroes, and those heroes gods."

The second of Mr. Theodore Thomas's very popular symphony soirées took place on Saturday last, and it is a matter of congratulation that our musical public is large enough to support two series of classical concerts of the dimensions of this and the Philharmonic, though the field in which they work is not exactly the same, the Philharmonic maintaining a severer rule of classical strictness and having the great advantage of instructing its audience as well as its performers, by means of its public rehearsals, while Mr. Thomas's plan allows him a greater

range in the choice of his programmes, with a more absolute control over his executants, and ministers generally to a more robust musical appetite on the part of his public. The great use of a philharmonic is to repeat and hold up to our admiration the works which are admittedly classical, and the great use of an enterprise like that of Mr. Theodore Thomas's is to present new works whose classic status is not yet secure; both seem thoroughly to comprehend their function.

The programme of Saturday was somewhat chronological, with Haydn at the beginning, Schumann at the end, and Beethoven in the middle, the interstices being filled in with Rossini, Schubert, and Chopin. For the introduction of this last name we are indebted to Mr. Leopold de Meyer, who is one of the few artists who have returned to this country, after an absence of many years, to meet a welcome cordial as the first and not weakened by time. The old fire is yet there, and when occasionally a dangerous octave passage with that heavy left hand reminds us of the fierce energy of other days, he glides away into coruscations of brilliant and delicate *fortissimi*, which are a thousand times more delightful than the terrible force which was once his chief characteristic. Beethoven's overture in C made us regret that we could not have heard it also in rehearsal; but it was worth while to meet the cold wind of Saturday just to hear Mr. Theodore Thomas and his orchestra attack the first five chords.

Altogether the concert was a highly interesting one, and we presume that we ought to put up patiently with as much Schumann as Mr. Thomas chooses to inflict, in consideration of the great pleasure and advantage which his untiring energy secures to us.

LITERARIANA.

SOME interesting scraps of the literary history of the past fifteen years are among the reminiscences of the old *Putnam's Monthly* which Mr. Charles F. Briggs and Mr. George W. Curtis gather into the prelude to the new *Putnam's Magazine*. Fifteen years ago, Mr. Briggs tells us, was the plan of the original venture discussed at a dinner party at Mr. Putnam's house, the party consisting of Mrs. Caroline M. Kirkland, Mr. George Sumner, Mr. Parke Godwin, Mr. George W. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Putnam, and Mr. Briggs, all but two of whom remain to assist at the revival of the enterprise. Of those who were contributors and writers of the earlier *Putnam*, but who are now gone, were Washington Irving, Fitz-James O'Brien, Dr. Francis L. Hawks, Henry D. Thoreau, Richard Hildreth, the historian, and Thomas Francis Meagher. Also belonging to this list was the Rev. J. H. Hanson, who contributed to the second number of the magazine the celebrated article, *Have we a Bourbon among us?* which made the Rev. Eleazar Williams, the supposed suppressed prince, the lion of the time. So too was Dr. Bethune, of whose story, *Uncle Barnard*, it is told that it was taken and printed as original by a London magazine, from which an American monthly unsuspectingly appropriated it in the same manner, which, curiously enough, has just been paralleled by an achievement of *Ecce Saturday*, which copied from and credited to an English periodical a story which the latter had stolen from *The Atlantic Monthly*. Of authors who we hope will appear in the new *Putnam*, as they did in the old, are Herman Melville, William Swinton, Fred. B. Perkins, Frederick S. Cozzens, and Prof. M. Schele de Vere. And of memorable volumes which have been gathered from the pages of the old magazine are, beside the little railroad volumes, such as Cozzens's *Sparrowgrass Papers*, Richard Grant White's *Shakespeare's Scholar*, Calvert's *Early Years in Europe*, Godwin's *Political Essays*, Lowell's *Fire-side Travels*, Melville's *Israel Potter*, Mrs. Kirkland's *Washington*, Thoreau's *Cape Cod*, Tuckerman's *Criterion*, Quincy's *Wensley*, and Curtis's *Prue and I*, and *Potiphar Papers*, which bring us to the note from their author. In this Mr. Curtis tells how, some months previous to the inaugural dinner party, the project was broached to him by Mr. "Harry Franco" of a new and wholly American magazine, whence came *Putnam's Monthly*, with Mr. Franco as editor-in-chief and Mr. Godwin as associate editor, with headquarters in a third-story room in Park Place. Here one day, "Mr. Franco said, in his crisp way, 'There must be an article upon the present state of parties, in the next number?'" and, on Mr. Godwin's—who was the political writer—appearing conscious, continued, "I don't mean political parties; I mean, Brown's," and thence sprang Mrs. Potiphar. Of the remainder of Mr. Curtis's note the greater portion is devoted to a tribute to Arthur Hugh Clough. To return to Mr. Briggs, we read in his introduction this gratifying, if venturesome, assurance:

"American readers are accustomed almost entirely to foreign works of fiction; but we shall publish none but stories of native production. It is not possible that such devourers of stories should be incapable of producing the article so essential to their happiness. We have entire faith in our ability to bring out the required supply of American novels and romances. Like the gold in the gulches of the Rocky Mountains, they are only waiting for a little adventurous prospecting to bring them to light."

And finally we have this satisfactory verification of our prediction that the influx of new periodicals would neces-

sarily give an impulse to the demand for international copyright:

"None know better than our own authors what discouraging disadvantages the publisher of an original magazine must contend against, in being obliged to compete with the unpaid British productions which are reproduced here almost simultaneously with their publication on the other side of the Atlantic. And while this unequal contest between the publisher who fleeces his matter, and the one who pays for it, almost prohibits the possibility of profit to the latter, the American author gauges his demand for compensation by the standard of his English brother."

Mr. T. H. Worrall delivered his lecture on Mexico, on the evening of Dec. 3, before the New York Historical Society. The hall was crowded by a highly cultivated and attentive audience and the lecturer was frequently interrupted by appreciative applause. Mr. Worrall handled his subject with great skill, favored his hearers with several points and theories that were evidently quite new to them, and was highly complimented at the close for an effort in all respects creditable and instructive. It is seldom that a discourse is so enriched as was this one by the fruits of a practical experience, and we have no hesitancy in recommending committees to secure the services of Mr. Worrall to deliver his lecture elsewhere, since they will certainly be fortunate if they are able to obtain them. We understand that the lecture is to be printed.

MESSRS. H. H. BANCROFT & Co., of San Francisco, have in press an elaborate work upon *The Natural Wealth of California*, treating of the geographical features of the country, its resources in mines, fisheries, minerals, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, with chapters upon its history, as well as its geology, mineralogy, botany, nemology, and natural history. The authors of the work are Messrs. H. C. Bennett and Titus F. Cronise, who have been for some years engaged in the collection of its material.

MESSRS. LEYPOLDT & HOLT are about to publish translations, by Mr. John Durand, of M. H. Taine's *Italy, Rome, and Naples* and of the same author's *The Ideal in Art*.

MR. JOHN T. HEARN announces the publication at Shelbyville, Kentucky, from the beginning of the year, of a monthly magazine to be entitled *The Southern Journal of Education*.

THE THETA DELTA CHI FRATERNITY, one of the most respectable and successful of the numerous college secret societies, has just published a remarkably handsome catalogue of its membership, which amounts in the total to 1,095, of whom 77 are dead, divided among 22 chapters, of which, however, some which were established in Southern colleges were broken up by the war. Mr. William L. Stone, who we understand was the working editor as well as the printer of the catalogue, has made its typographical beauty equal to its completeness, and has been able to append to a remarkably large proportion of the names of the members minutes of important positions held by them and of distinguished services in one or the other of the armies during the civil war.

MR. TROLLOPE's *Phineas Finn, the Irish Member*, will be published here, simultaneously with its appearance in *St. Paul's*, in the Sunday and weekly editions of *The Chicago Tribune*.

MR. DICKENS, beside his *Holiday Romance*, which is to appear in *Our Young Folks* with full-page designs by Mr. John Gilbert, is to contribute to *The Atlantic* a short serial, entitled *George Silverman's Explanation*.

MR. PAUL DU CHAILLU, who has just returned hither for the purpose of fulfilling his lecturing engagements, completed while abroad his arrangements for publishing his new book, which is soon to be given us here by Messrs. Harper & Bros., and is entitled *Stories of the Gorrilla Country*, narrated for Young People.

DR. LEONARD WOODS—who, as we mentioned some months ago, has gone to Europe under the auspices of the Maine Historical Society and of the state government, in quest of unpublished records of early voyages to our north-eastern coast—has met with such unlooked-for success as induces him and the society to materially enlarge the scope of his work. The first volume will relate entirely to expeditions during the seventeenth century, and will contain much that is new concerning the explorations of Frobisher, Cabot, and others, thus making the work one of no merely local importance.

M. CH. LECLERC has sent us a *Catalogue Raisonné*, prepared by himself, of what he calls, and we think justly, a very valuable collection of works on America and the Philippine Islands which is to be auctioned off in Paris on the 15th prox. The catalogue seems to be a very full and descriptive one, and many of the books curious and interesting as well as rare. Among them we notice original editions of Champlain's *Voyage au Canada* and of Sarcilaso de la Viga's histories of Peru, an unpublished manuscript, with eleven plates, relative to Rochambeau's share in the campaign of 1781, which the editor thinks "worthy of a place in the National Library of the United States," and another on parchment in the Quiché language, a dialect of Guatemala, containing prayers and meditations, attributed to the learned and pious Dominican, P. Domingo di Vico, Bishop of Vera Paz. This is somewhat enthusiastically styled, "in

point of curiosity and rarity, the finest article of the collection," and the following brief extract is given to whet the curiosity of philologists: "RONOHEL VTZIL ATOBAL, XEHUL HUT XEUACHIN NAIPE RUMAL CAHAUAL ECA VOO VTZIL XENIMA HULU CHIRIH ACAVAE QUIBI: LOCONIC, CA MELALI, CUIBALI, MEBAIL, PENITENCIA"—which is said to mean that all the virtues shone resplendent in one, but the five most brilliant were charity, humility, patience, poverty, and penitence. We infer that the latter virtue was not a favorite one among the good Guatemalans, from their lack of a word to express it. The catalogue itself is an interesting one to lovers of "quaint forgotten lore," and the collection, we think, should arouse the frenzy of every bibliomaniac.

M. ADOLPHE BERTY, who recently died in Paris, worn out by his excessive labors in his favorite pursuit, left unpublished an immense and curious work, which is described by the Paris correspondent of *The Publishers' Circular*. His knowledge and skill acquired in restoring the principal mediæval and revival edifices in Paris led to his employment by M. Albert Lenoir to assist in the preparation of the *Statistique Monumental de Paris*. This suggested to him the idea of a topographical history of Paris which should describe geometrically the monuments, houses, and soil of the city, with all their transformations. After ten years of labor upon it the antiquarians and the municipal authorities became so interested in the matter as to procure him an office, enlarge his plan, and determine on issuing the work at the public cost. Unfortunately, just as the author had made his MSS. ready for the press he died.

M. SAINTE-BEUVE is again to write for *Le Moniteur*,

and M. Edmund About—who, it seems, does not write for half-a-dozen papers, as is stated in a travelling paragraph—is to contribute to the same journal.

THE REV. W. GERMANN, Ph.D., has recently published at Madras an important German work on South Indian mythology, an account of which, together with other Oriental literary intelligence, we find in *Trübner's Literary Record*. Its title is, being translated, *Genealogy of the Malabar Gods, from native writings and letters by B. Ziegenbalg*,—a German missionary of the earlier part of the last century, who was dissuaded from its publication one hundred and fifty years ago by the message sent, in response to his MSS., by A. H. Francke, the founder of the Orphan House at Halle; "that the execution in print of the genealogy of the Malabar Deities could not be entertained at all, considering the missionaries had been sent out in order to extirpate heathenism in India, and not to propagate heathenish nonsense in Europe." The present editor, we read, is evidently well acquainted with the whole range of labors in the department of Indian antiquities, and has enriched the work with the result of his own labors, so that the student of the book will have before him a complete account of South Indian mythology, embodying the latest results of European and Indian scholarship.

PROF. F. KIELHORN, of the Poona College, has lately succeeded in obtaining for the Government of Bombay a complete copy of the celebrated Pahlavi work, *Dinkard*, thus described by Dr. Martin Haug in his *Zand-Pahlavi Glossary*: "The *Dinkard* is by far the largest Huzvâresh work in existence, and the most important store-house of traditional lore, comparable to the Jewish Talmud. It is

said to have been originally composed by the disciples of Zoroaster himself (though it is admitted that it was, after the copies had become scattered and destroyed several times, recomposed from the fragments). There is, unfortunately, only one complete copy of it in existence, which is at Nausari, in the library of the Destûr-i-Deştân. I saw it, together with Destûr Hoshengji, on our tour through Gujarat in January, 1864; it comprises about 2,000 huge pages. Notwithstanding the numerous efforts which have been made no transcript of it could be obtained."

THE REV. WHITWELL ELWIN has prepared a new life, introduction, and notes for a forthcoming edition of *The Works of Alexander Pope*, which is to contain anecdotes and incidents concerning the poet, many new lines and various readings from the MSS. which he presented to Richardson, his unpublished satire on the Duke of Marlborough, and some seven hundred letters, more than five hundred of which are now printed for the first time.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, of *The Saturday and Fortnightly Reviews*, is coming hither on a visit of several months. MR. McCULLAGH TORRENS is the gentleman described by *The Athenæum* as an eminent M.P., still more eminent as a writer, who succeeds Prof. Henry Morley in the editorship of *The Examiner*.

MR. JAMES HANNAY succeeds Mr. Edmund Yates as editor of *Temple Bar*, whose character, we may infer, will undergo some transformation.

MR. G. W. GILL has translated into English Cervantes, *Galatea*, which its author ranked with the *Don Quixote* written twenty-one years after, but which is comparatively little known.

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The editor of *The Richmond Daily Dispatch* says: "The book has entranced us. We read it with as eager interest as ever we turned over the pages of Scott or Bulwer. This last product of the cruel war through which we have just passed (not to say we are now passing) will, we predict, be among the most popular writings of the day. The book will shortly be published, and be in the reach of all who wish to know the truth, and nothing but the truth, in relation to the mode of treating female prisoners in Washington. There is a story of Mrs. Surratt; she appears in these pages as an angel of mercy. Could such a woman be a criminal?"

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SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

MARGARET ISABEL BINNS }
against } Summons—For Relief.
(Com. not served.)
JOHN BINNS.

To JOHN BINNS:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed November 26, 1867, in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office, No. 77 Nassau Street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated November 26, 1867.

JAS. G. McADAM, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

MALINDA L. STOCUM }
against } Summons—For Relief.
(Com. not served.)
THEODORE STOCUM.

To THEODORE STOCUM:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed December 5, 1867, in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York at the City Hall, New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office, No. 78 Nassau Street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

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H. A. FROST, Plaintiff's Attorney.

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SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

City and County of New York. Place of trial, City and County of New York:
HENRY E. WILSON, Plaintiff,
against } Summons—For relief.
EMMA WILSON, Defendant. } (Com. not served.)

To the Defendant:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which will be filed in the Office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York at the City Hall in said city, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, No. 202 Broadway, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated November 2, 1867.

JOHN LINN, Plaintiff's Attorney,
202 Broadway, New York City.

The complaint in the foregoing action was filed in the Office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York on the eighth day of November, 1867.

JOHN LINN, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

ALBERT B. CARL }
against } Summons—For Relief.
(Com. not served.)
LEAH CARL.

To LEAH CARL:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which was filed November 18, 1867, in the office of the Clerk of the City and County of New York, at the City Hall, New York City, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber at his office, No. 77 Nassau Street, New York City, within twenty days after the service of this summons on you, exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

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J. G. McADAM, Plaintiff's Attorney.

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November 23, 1867.